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OUR STUMBLING-BLOCK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 77 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued April 19, contains amongst its store of good things Chapter Nineteen of "Toby Tyler," which is descriptive of Mr. Stubbs's mischief and his sad fate; Working Plans of a Catamaran, and directions how to build one; Stories by* SUSAN ARCHER WEISS, LILLIAS DAVIDSON, *and* MRS. W. J. HAYS; *Poems by* MRS. BRINE *and* EMILY HUNTINGDON MILLER; *a new Game by* GEORGE B. BARTLETT; *Easter Pictures by* JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD; *and a great variety of other interesting and attractive matter.*

THE SITUATION IN THE SENATE.

BURKE said that, conceding the right of Parliament to tax the colonies, it was inexpedient to exercise it. There is no doubt that the Republicans have a legal right to change the minor officers of the Senate, but at this executive session it is inexpedient to obstruct the public business, and to incur great expense, in order to exercise it. If anything were to be gained for the public benefit, if any principle were at stake, they ought to stand fast until doomsday. But nothing of the kind is pretended. The majority ought to rule, certainly, in the final appeal. But there may be occasions when the majority need not assert itself for the mere purpose of assertion.

That the Democrats have been plainly in the wrong throughout the debate need not affect Republican action. The Republicans, as the lawful majority, may properly change the minor officers if they choose, and the Democrats may improperly filibuster and prevent such action if they choose. But the weakness of the Democratic position seems to have escaped both Senators BAYARD and LAMAR. It is this: not only that the fact of having been summoned to an executive session is no bar to a change in the minor offices if the majority chooses to make it, but that the argument urged by the Democrats against completion of the organization now will be equally valid next winter at the regular session. That argument seems to be that the Republican majority has been obtained by a corrupt bargain with a repudiator. This is a very droll argument for its purpose, from any point of view, but obviously, if it justifies indefinite filibustering in March and April, it will justify it in December and January. In that case the Republicans might as well make the inevitable fight at the earlier date. But it is because this argument is palpably no argument at all, and because it will not be urged next winter, that the Republicans, having made the assertion of their right, and having exposed the mere filibustering of the Democrats, should proceed to business.

The ingenious suggestion of some politician to the special correspondent of the New York *Herald* that the result of the election in Virginia next autumn depends upon the election of RIDDLEBERGER to be Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate now, is one of the wise prophecies which can be made to order indefinitely. If the choice of a subordinate officer of the Senate is to turn upon somebody's theory of its probable effect upon some State election some months hence, the Senate is a very different body from what it should be. It is often difficult in Washington to understand just how the situation there appears to the country. But we do not think that we are mistaken in saying that the present impression of the country is that some kind of arrangement has been made which gives the Republicans the majority, and that the Democrats, acting within the rules of the Senate, are preventing the Republicans from turning out seventy or eighty Democratic clerks and messengers and other minor officers, and putting in as many Republicans, and one Democratic Sergeant-at-Arms. In this situation, the country, if its opinion may be derived from the newspapers, and from the remarks of sensible people of every party freely expressed, wishes to see the fruitless contest abandoned, and the public business of the executive session completed. Then, if the Democrats still filibuster against the change in the offices, the contest may be suspended until the regular session, when, if the Democrats renew it, they will be overwhelmed with public indignation, and the Republicans justified in insisting upon exercising an indisputable right.

THE STATE BOARD OF CHARITIES AND THE CHARITIES AID.

FAMILIAR as we have been for a long time with the admirable and efficient work of the State Charities Aid Association, we have seen with regret the apparent difficulty between this excellent society and the State Board of Charities. The draft of the law for which the Aid Association asked last year, and which it has pressed this year, seemed to us in its original form unwise, as involving a breach between the State Board and its ally; and we hope our information to be correct that the bill will be modified in a way which seems to us very desirable. However this may be, a fair statement of the facts will not be considered untimely, and may be of service to those who have deeply regretted, without clearly understanding, the actual situation. There have been warm and generous appeals for the Aid Association, and with great injustice the State Board has been represented as jealously closing the charitable institutions to the visits of the Association, and threatening to stop its work altogether. This is an error which ought to be promptly corrected.

The State Board of Charities was established in 1867 as the official agency for the supervision of charitable institutions. It consists of eleven members—one for each of the eight judicial districts, with two additional members for the city of New York and one for the city of Brooklyn. The members serve without compensation, and they are required to visit in person once a year, and as much oftener as they may choose, every charitable institution maintained by State aid, and at least once every two years to visit in person or by agents, as they may prefer, the county poor-houses. They have power to examine books and papers, and to administer oaths, and they are required to submit an annual report to the Legislature with such recommendations as they think desirable. The State Charities Aid Association—a most admirable volunteer society—was established about ten years ago to aid the State Board by visitation of the city and county institutions. Its humane labors have been confined to those, and it has not undertaken the visitation of what are called the State institutions. The work of the Association has been performed by visitors, and of some five hundred and fifty of its visitors about fifty were also in the service of the State Board. But as reports of these last were published by the Association without the knowledge or authority of the State Board, and as such reports sometimes contained views and recommendations which were not those of the Board, the Board, conceiving it to be its duty to report first to the Legislature, adopted a regulation about two years ago that all its visitors should report to itself only. This regulation, unfortunately, although not interfering with the work of the Association, was not formally communicated to it, not because of any unkind feeling, but, on the contrary, because two members of the State Board were also vice-presidents of the Aid Association, and it was assumed, therefore, that notice of the adoption of the regulation would be transmitted through them. The regulation affected very few of the visitors, and in no degree, so far as we can see, did it impair the power or the usefulness of the Aid Association. It closed no institution to its visitation, and in no manner interfered with its work. The regulation required, only and properly, that the visitors of the State Board should report exclusively to the authority that commissioned them. This action was surely not a just cause of offense, nor should it have occasioned a disturbance of friendly relations.

The Aid Association, however, perhaps apprehending some future interference with its work, applied to the Legislature not only for legal authority to visit the county and city institutions, but also the State institutions, which heretofore it has not visited. It asked power, moreover, to visit the latter by agents, although the State Board is required to visit in person; and although a voluntary and self-perpetuating and officially irresponsible body, the Aid Association further asked to share with the State Board the privilege of reporting with recommendations to the Legislature. The Aid Association thus asked for power greater than that of the State Board, and power which is not necessary to its continued work. Had a bill so drawn become a law, the members of the State Board could not be blamed if they had interpreted the action of the Legislature as a declaration of their own inefficiency and of the inadequacy of the Board, by the virtual creation of another, although unofficial and irresponsible, board. For why, if the State Board were discharging its duties satisfactorily, should greater powers for its own purposes be conferred upon a voluntary association? The Board gladly welcomed voluntary co-operation; but could it have been expected to welcome actual supersession? The State Board, it seems to us, has been remiss in not frankly stating the grounds of its opposition to the bill as it stood. It has been placed, we believe unwittingly, but none the less unquestionably, in a false position. As we understand it, the Board has never doubted the value of the work of the Aid Association. Indeed, as we have stated, two of its members, one of whom was the late THEODORE ROOSEVELT, were originally vice-presidents of the Aid Association. Mr. ROOSEVELT held the position when he died, and the other vice-president retired simply because of other duties, and not of any ill feeling whatever. The assertion or implication that the State Board is negligent of its own duties, or that it has been hostile to its volunteer ally, is wholly unfounded. The only act of the State Board to which the Association has taken exception is the rule that the visitors commissioned by the Board shall report to the Board only. The changes in the bill, as we understand them, modify the request respecting the State institutions, and provide that the Aid Association shall report to the State Board. Both these modifications seem to us desirable, because the whole State is interested in the friendly co-operation of the official Board and the voluntary Association.

MR. GLADSTONE AND IRELAND.

THE work in which Mr. GLADSTONE is engaged is worthy of a great English statesman. Lord BEACONSFIELD'S endeavor was to obtain a "scientific frontier," to increase "English prestige"; Mr. GLADSTONE'S is to give peace by justice to an unhappy and long wronged people inextricably associated with the fortunes of England. His contemporaries are too near the Prime Minister to estimate him with historical finality; but it is evident, even to his own generation, that Mr. GLADSTONE will be named among the few greatest English statesmen. There is nothing more impressive in political annals than the story of his single-handed contest as a private citizen with the most pretentious and apparently most popular of Prime Ministers, his total overthrow of that minister by an appeal to the noblest English feelings, and his accession to power when past the age of seventy, with all the accumulated inheritance of the mischiefs of the most audacious and unscrupulous of ministers to compose and control.

There were four angry questions confronting Mr. GLADSTONE when he took power a year ago. There was the question of Afghanistan, of Turkey, of South Africa, and of Ireland. The first has been adjusted with justice and honor. The second, although very threatening, is now substantially composed. The third has been settled as only a wise and brave statesman would have dared to settle it. The fourth, by far the greatest of all, an old and fierce and almost hopeless question—a controversy which in its present form has filled England for many months with grave doubts and almost dismay, in which he was confronted by a vast and passionate and apparently unreasonable hostile organization, and surrounded with alarm and hesitation among his trusted friends—this fourth question Mr. GLADSTONE has grasped so firmly, and treated so wisely, that, while there is no serious recoil among his own friends, the Duke of Argyll alone retiring, the leader of the hostile organization, the most Irish of Irishmen, announces that he will support the bill, hoping to improve it upon its passage, and that parts of it, even from the extreme Land League point of view, are satisfactory and promising. Neither the ignorant wrath of the Land League nor the bitter vituperation of its leaders, on the one hand, nor the scornful sneer of Toryism that he was pursuing a Tory policy, on the other, has swerved the English leader from his course. Injustice is not less unjust because its victims mutter defiance and revolution, nor firmness less wise and necessary because tyrants are obdurate. Because it might be necessary to keep the peace in Ireland with a strong hand, it was not less necessary to correct the substantial wrong of Irish land laws.

This is what Mr. GLADSTONE'S bill proposes to do. It is very long and intricate, and its details would be largely obscure to us. But it secures fixity of tenure, and prohibits arbitrary eviction; it provides a fair method of settling fair rent; and also a right of free sale, the details of which will perhaps be amended in some way by discussion. The bill thus virtually grants, but in a prudent and guarded way, the substantial demand of the Irish agitation. The leaders of the agitation will insist that without the special form of the agitation the result would not have been accomplished. We do not believe it. Boycotting, the distinctive activity of the agitation, has not alarmed, it has only exasperated, England. But that question is now impertinent, and need not be discussed. It is still possible that the debate upon the bill may become so acrimonious that the Irish members will refuse their aid. Mr. GLADSTONE, nevertheless, will have done his duty. He has proposed, not a Whig policy, nor any kind of party policy, but a humane, just, and adequate measure for the permanent pacification of Ireland. We do not mean that nothing more remains to be done. But now, as in the Fenian time, Mr. GLADSTONE has shown the spirit and indicated the direction in which the work is to be accomplished; and if his plan implies and foretells profound changes, it is all the more clearly the result of the prescience of great political genius.

THE MUD "MACHINE."

THE fight for clean streets in New York is a simple contest between the people and the trading and professional politicians. In such a contest the politicians are naturally and instinctively on the side of dirt. A more significant struggle, from the political point of view, could hardly occur. The cry should be, "Scavengers to the rescue!" Patronage and typhus, spoils and small-pox, a fair deal and diphtheria, pestilence and politicians, are all arrayed against cleanliness and common-sense and health and good government. The people of the city, warned by physicians and their own observation of increasing contagion and the death rate, meet and decide to ask for relief. The politicians, thriving upon filth and patronage, resolve that relief shall not be obtained. Both appeal to the Legislature. The argument of one side is that the appalling accumulation of filth in the city streets is fatally affecting the health of the people, especially of the poorer people in the neglected streets, and that the existing system of street-cleaning is proved to be inefficient as it is irresponsible. Without party bias of any kind, therefore, the committee of the people ask that the responsibility of keeping the streets clean be laid upon the chief executive officer of the city, elected by popular vote. Then, if universal dirt continues to breed disease, a responsible officer can be held to account, and punished at the polls.

To this reasonable and unanswerable plea, pestilence and the politicians reply that "patronage means votes," and that if a Republican Legislature should give a Democratic Mayor the power to appoint Democratic scavengers, it would defeat the Republican party. The friends of filth, therefore, propose that the responsibility shall be given to a board of which the chief offender under the present system is a member, and in which nobody would be responsible for the dirt and neglect. In a word, pestilence and the politicians insist that the people of the city shall not have relief, and only ten Republican members of the Legislature, out of more than seventy of the Republican party of the majority, stood on the first vote for the rights and the health of the people of the city of New York. At present the Police Board is charged with the duty of cleaning the streets. It is a board of four members. Two of them are what are known as "machine" Republicans, another is a Tammany Democrat, who is the chairman of the Street-cleaning Committee. Of these worthies the *Tribune* says: "They are not anxious to clean the streets, but they are anxious to make as much as possible out of the patronage." This is something, as the song says, "which nobody can deny." The member of the Legislature who, emulous of FLANAGAN, of Flanagan's Mills, declared that "patronage means votes," forgot that patronage votes mean bribery. He is a queer kind of Republican who would win Republican votes by a combination of corruption in the streets and corruption of the citizens. If the hope of the Republican party, as he implies, lies in bribing scavengers not to do their duty, it is an exceedingly dismal party prospect.

But the second meeting of the citizens shows that there is no disposition to be buried in mud and filth without a struggle. A great and enthusiastic assembly at Steinway Hall—Cooper Institute having been previously engaged—showed the unflagging and vigorous determination of the citizens. There was never more effective plain-speaking at any public meeting, and never more genuine enthusiasm. The recreant members of the Assembly from this city and the Speaker were gravely censured by name in the resolutions, and riddled with pungent ridicule in the speeches. The leading members of both parties who opposed the "CARPENTER substitute"—the trick of which was clearly exposed by Judge DALY and Mr. SCHULTZ—were commended by name. The resolutions declared that the responsibility of cleaning the streets should be thrown upon the Mayor, free from the interference of the Board of Police, the Board of Health,

or the ward politicians. The meeting continued the Committee of Twenty-one, and Mr. Choate hoped that they would complete and extend an organization to be felt in the election of next autumn. The issue is now fairly joined between the people and the politicians, and those who have been of the opinion that "machines" are indispensable will now doubtless agree that this machine must be broken, or that it will break down the party it assumes to master.

THE CATASTROPHE AT SCIO.

Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Pendleton of Ohio, Mrs. Morton of New York, Mrs. Gibson of Louisiana, and other ladies in Washington, have issued an earnest appeal to the country for the relief of the sufferers at Scio. The terrible catastrophe on that island is one of the most appalling events of the kind in history. The simplest version of the story is the most tragical. If the burning of a theatre and the destruction of scores of human beings in our own neighborhood be an event which stirs the public heart to the utmost, what can be said of the sudden ruin of a whole community, the overthrow of a city, the destruction of thousands of persons? In this instance further information does not diminish, it increases, the loss and the pitiful suffering. It is only true, as one of the official dispatches says, that "the catastrophe at Scio has surpassed all conception."

The city of Scio, a cluster of white houses, stretched for a mile around the shore of a curving shallow bay. On the water's edge were some lofty buildings and an old fort, and to the north of the city there were old windmills peculiar to the island. Behind were orange orchards, and beyond and above them arose the sharp, bare rampart of mountains. The tragedy of Scio in the Greek and Turkish war, nearly sixty years ago, has made the name of the island and town sadly familiar. It pointed the pathos of eloquence two generations since. That, however, was the result of man's inhumanity; this is the sudden devastation and desolation of elemental forces. The first shock of the earthquake was felt on Sunday afternoon, April 3, at half past one. The ground sank, houses fell, and the whole population streamed into the streets and open spaces in the awful suspense of agonized apprehension. "Another terrible shock followed, and completed the devastation." A fearful quiet succeeded until sunset, when the island shook, and all night long, with a dull subterranean roar, the agony continued. The population of the island was 70,000. It is supposed that 7000 or 8000 were killed, and that a quarter of the survivors were wounded, and that 30,000 persons are homeless and shelterless. The United States, English, French, and Austrian vessels of war in the harbor organized relief parties, and did all that was possible for succor. But the blow is indescribable, and the woe can not be told.

Relief, to be effective, must be prompt. Neighboring nations and communities moved at once, for a sorrow so overwhelming makes its own appeal to a common humanity, and the nearest hand is stretched out instinctively. In all the great cities of Europe subscriptions were immediately opened. In New York, in response to a request of the Grecian Consul-General, a committee of eminent foreign merchants was formed to receive subscriptions, which were made immediately, and the Washington committee of ladies urge upon the ministers of every religious faith to take up contributions without delay, and upon all mercantile and commercial boards and associations to circulate subscription papers. The banking house of Riggs & Co., in Washington, will receive all moneys that may be sent for this purpose. Mr. Thurlow Weed has suggested that a United States ship be sent with relief, and offers $500 toward such a project. The country is both peaceful and prosperous, and it will doubtless give with its heart as well as its hand to hasten all that can be done in so terrible an emergency.

THE DOCTORS AGREEING.

We have mentioned elsewhere the "uprising of the people" of New York to secure themselves against the pestilence bred by patronage. But the medical faculty—the doctors in mass-meeting—have given a "scientific basis" to this popular complaint and determination which is of the highest importance. Their meeting was unique and most interesting, for the professional experts supplied in detail the reasonable grounds of apprehension from a continuation of the present situation.

Thus, Dr. E. G. Loring, the oculist, said that he had known men in active employment, driven by the miasma of the streets, to leave their occupation and take refuge for a longer or shorter time in some purer atmosphere. He has known skilled mechanics forced to leave well-paying positions, and poor sewing-girls, whose only chance of a decent maintenance was gained by extra work under artificial light, driven to the verge of starvation by the condition of the eyes produced by the whirlwinds of disease-laden dust. Dr. Loring said that if the present filth goes on accumulating as it has accumulated for the past year, at some not distant day, under our Egyptian midsummer sun, we shall have an Egyptian ophthalmia.

All the speeches were to the point, and the resolutions were as unequivocal as those of the great citizens' meeting. The resolution refusing support to any candidate for re-election who should disobey the request of the citizens was received with long and thundering applause. This, with the similar resolution of the citizens' meeting, bodes no good to the recreant Assemblymen from the city. So far as concerns the Republicans, the majorities in any case are very small, and it is easy to foresee that every one of them who aids in defeating the citizens' bill will be defeated by the citizens.

THE MAYOR AND THE LAWYERS.

If the Mayor, in hearing counsel upon the question of removing officers whom the law authorizes him to remove, sits as a judge, and the proceedings are those of a court, we can only wonder that he did not promptly order the committal, for contempt, of the lawyers who assailed him upon the first hearing in a manner which no court would have tolerated.

That the power of a superior officer to remove for cause should be construed as requiring evidence that a subordinate is legally guilty of some offense cognizable by the courts, seems to us to be most unfortunate. Such a construction can not possibly increase the efficiency or good order of any service, and if an official body which is responsible for a condition of the city that threatens a pestilence, and whose members are removable by a superior officer after hearing, may escape punishment and continue its work of endangering the public health, the fundamental law needs to be radically changed.

Meanwhile, if the Mayor has the rights and powers of a judge, let him exercise them in preserving decency in his court.

AMERICANS AND SKILLED LABOR.

An American member of a trades-union writes us that the accusation of the Chicago *Tribune*, mentioned by us last week, is both old and unjust. We have not room to print his letter, but we will state its purport fairly. He says that the unions admit all applicants on proof of character and apprenticeship, and that there is no discrimination on account of nationality. If the young American seems often to be at a disadvantage, it is because it is only of late years that the young American has cared to learn a trade, having looked rather to the professions, the desk, the counter, and similar employments.

Our correspondent then enters upon a defense of the restrictive policy of the trades-unions as founded upon the necessity of preventing overcrowding in skilled trades, and the competition of skilled workmen among themselves. It is selfishness, he admits, but it is no more selfishness for producers to hold out for the highest price than for consumers to insist upon the lowest. This is his statement, upon the discussion of which we will not now enter.

Our correspondent objects to our remark that it is tyranny to attempt to interfere with the freedom of the workman to dispose of his work upon his own terms. He asserts that the unions are incorporated under the laws, and that their methods—strikes, peaceable dissuasion, etc.—have been held by the courts to be lawful. He quotes John Stuart Mill's remark that such unions are "the indispensable means of enabling the sellers of labor to take due care of competition." But we have not described the legitimate action of the unions as tyrannical. What we do call tyrannical, and an outrage to be suppressed by law, is the attempt of any body of men to prevent a man over whom they have no rightful authority whatever to sell his labor upon terms satisfactory to himself. Neither Mr. Mill nor any other thoughtful man ever defended such an offense. If the unions do not countenance it, they do not fall under the condemnation. If they do, it is a monstrous abuse.

A MEMORIAL HISTORY.

A work is in course of publication in Boston which is certainly worthy of emulation in all the older cities of the country. It is a memorial history of Boston, consisting of a series of papers upon every important topic in the annals of the city or the colony, treated by a special student and master of the subject. Thus in the first volume Professor Asa Gray writes of the Flora of Boston and its vicinity; Professor Shaler of the Geology, and Mr. Joel A. Allen of the Fauna; Mr. Justin Winsor, of the Earliest Maps of the Bay and Harbor; Mr. Winthrop, of the founding of Boston; Dr. Ellis, of the Puritan Commonwealth; Colonel Higginson, "From Winthrop's Death to Philip's War"; E. E. Hale, of Philip's War; Mr. Winsor, of the Literature of the Colonial Period; J. Hammond Trumbull, of the Indian Tongue and its Literature; Horace E. Scudder, of Life in Colonial Boston; and Mr. Whitmore, of Boston Families before 1700.

The second volume, just issued by J. R. Osgood & Co., covers the period from the fall of Andros to the Revolution, and many of the same writers contribute papers. Among the new topics are the Press and Literature of the Period, by Delano A. Stoddard; the Mather Family and its Influence, by Dr. H. M. Dexter; the Royal Governors, by Dr. G. E. Ellis; Witchcraft, by W. F. Poole; Religious History of Massachusetts, by Dr. McKenzie; and Franklin, by G. M. Towle.

It is a work of singular interest and value, and it is undoubtedly the type of the form in which general histories must be written hereafter. For it is with writing history, as Freeman says of reading history, that one person can do but a portion of one part. The memorial history is also an illustration of the worthy local pride which has always distinguished New England, and which is one of the richest springs of its influence.

CARLYLE AND THE YANKEES.

Carlyle seems to have delighted in saying bitter things of America, and some of those which occur in his *Reminiscences* a more judicious editor than Mr. Froude would have suppressed. Goldwin Smith, in the April *Bystander*, says only what the tone of the *Reminiscences* seems to justify, that, in estimating his contemporaries, Carlyle "writes in the belief that the whole world, except a single house in Chelsea, is Gehenna, which, happily, was not true." On the other hand, those who knew Carlyle most intimately insist that his apparent perversities of judgment are due to his humoristic turn, in the old sense, and that his friends read between the lines. It is the misfortune of the great body of his readers that they can not.

In his will, however, Carlyle, speaking of America, alludes to the "immensities of worth and capability I believe and partly know to be lodged especially in the silent classes there," and he leaves to Harvard College the books which he used in writing the *Cromwell* and the *Friedrich*. This has been known to his friends for some time to be his intention, and that his purpose was in this way to acknowledge "the hearty good-will, real and steady," which he has always received from America.

It is pleasant to reflect that, despite their constantly unfriendly mention of us, no English author was more popular in this country than Dickens, and none more honored than Carlyle, and that both, at the end, recognized that regard, and manfully responded to it.

JAMES SPEDDING.

The recent death of James Spedding in London has drawn out tributes to his memory which are remarkable for their profound and tender feeling. Mr. Spedding was known as the editor of Bacon's works, and such an editor as every great author might well desire. His ability, his accomplishments, and his modesty seem to have been equally striking, and the affection which he universally inspired is the most beautiful homage to a rare and beautiful character.

Mr. Spedding's friendships were other illustrations of the essential quality of the man. One of the most characteristic and admirable poems in Tennyson's first volumes of forty years ago is that addressed simply "To J. S.," James Spedding, on the death of his brother. In that poem is the familiar stanza:

"His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night."

How well the whole poem applies to the long-surviving brother who has recently died is evident from the following little tribute by Ernest Myers. Mr. Spedding was deaf, and was struck by a wagon in crossing the street. "But it was all my fault," he said, quietly, and died soon after.

"TO JAMES SPEDDING.

"Farewell, benignant spirit, mild and wise,
That wert like some still lake among the hills
Of thy fair home ancestral, fed by rills
That stir unseen its deep translucencies.
Beneath the patient gaze of those calm eyes
The inveterate crust of errors and of ills
That clings around the past, and clinging kills,
Fell off, and earth through thee had fewer lies.
To serve one honored Shade thy life was planned;
Riches passed by, the noise of fame unheard;
For this, and for much else, we well may dare
To rank thee with the royal-hearted band
Upon whose brows is writ the undying word:
Not hate, but love, this soul was born to share."

PERSONAL.

The London correspondent of the New York *Times*, in an interesting letter on the studios of that city, writes in high terms of a new picture by George H. Boughton. The "anonymous poet" whose verses suggested the picture is Miss Nelly M. Hutchinson, of this city, a young lady whose graceful verses have often adorned our pages. The poem alluded to is entitled "Her Picture," and it appeared in Harper's Weekly for January 9, 1875. The correspondent writes:

"I think his most successful picture, or at all events the one that will be most popular this year, is 'Rose Standish,' a single figure walking down a woodland path, ankle-deep in fading grass and wild flowers that have run to seed. The simple pose of the figure, the lovely, reflective face of the girl, are beyond all praise. Mr. Boughton has never more exquisitely realized or suggested the old-fashioned colors of the Puritan days of New England than in the neutral-tinted dress of Rose Standish. It is the sort of hue that the ash of roses might take after a delicate perfumed flame. Partially over this gown is a white apron, round the waist a black sash, and on the head a black hood over a white cap. The trees are in delicious harmony with the figure. They are silver-birches, called, in the poetic language of villages, 'ladies of the wood.' Mr. Boughton obtained his ideas from some anonymous verses which he found in Harper's Weekly, and which his picture illustrates. The concluding stanza of the little poem is as follows:

'Autumn is wild in Plymouth town,
Barren and bleak and cold,
And still the dead leaves flutter down
As the years grow old,
And still—forever gravely fair—
Beneath their fitful whirl,
New England's sweetest girl,
Rose Standish, takes the air.'

The picture is a charming interpretation of the spirit of the lines of the anonymous American poet. It will be interesting to New England readers to know that the work is to go to America. It has been purchased by Mr. Chapman, of St. Louis, who commissioned it from a tiny sketch about the size of a postage stamp."

—Mr. George R. Lockwood, of this city, has admitted his son, Mr. Richard B. Lockwood, as partner, and the style of the firm has been changed to George R. Lockwood & Son. The junior partner ranks in the fourth generation of his family in the book trade, the business having been transferred from Bridgeport to New York early in the present century by his great-grandfather. The latter's sons, and subsequently one of them, the late Mr. Roe Lockwood, carried it on in Broadway, in the vicinity of Canal Street, for many years. Retiring in 1862, Mr. Roe Lockwood's son, the present senior partner, succeeded to the entire management of the business.

—In Harper's Weekly for April 8, 1876, appeared a poem entitled "April Jesting," from the pen of Miss Mary A. Barr. Our contemporaries, from Maine to Texas, with a just appreciation of its beauty, copied the poem as soon as it reached them, sometimes with due credit, but often with none. We observe that these graceful verses have again started on their rounds through the press, variously credited. Our highly esteemed contemporary, the New York *Sun*, copied them in its issue for April 10, with credit to the Galveston *News*. It is pleasant to see that our Texas contemporary appreciates the high quality of the verses, and we allude to the matter only because it affords the opportunity to give due credit to the author of a very popular poem.

—Mr. Edmund Yates's evening paper, the *Cuckoo*, recently started in London, has proved a failure, and has stopped, after inflicting heavy loss on all concerned.

—Miss Amelia B. Edwards's recent novel, *Lord Brackenbury*, published in America by Harper & Brothers, has proved to be one of her most popular works. It has passed through several American and English editions, and a German translation of it is announced.

—Mr. J. M. Francis, founder and senior proprietor of the Troy *Times*, has taken his son, Mr. Charles S. Francis, into partnership. The young gentleman is highly spoken of as a trained journalist and facile writer.

—Mr. Donn Piatt, an expert in such matters, says that it is no stretch of fact to set down Senator Vest, of Missouri, as the best story-teller and mimic in either branch of Congress.

—A letter-writer who was once engaged on the newspaper of which Secretary Blaine was editor says Mr. B. was extremely ready and versatile. He never kept anybody waiting for him, and he was equally exact in requiring that the printers should have his copy in type and proofs ready at the time appointed. Mr. Blaine writes a graceful, fluent hand, with few emendations, and the printers could generally read it readily, though sometimes a new compositor would—remonstrate over it. He seldom made "alterations from copy." He seemed to fling his words down like lightning, and they struck right every time. He always, when in town, superintended the "making up" of the editorial page, and in the mechanical process he displayed a rare faculty; a phrenologist would say that his "organ of size" was extremely well developed. "There!" he would say to the foreman; "put this article at the head of the column, and follow it with this; and then this," pointing to a third, "will just fill out." And he rarely ever erred materially.

—Mr. W. G. Marshall, an Englishman, who recently made a tour of this country, has published a book entitled *Through America*, in which he gives his impressions of matters and things that occurred to him as worthy of mention. The *St. James's Gazette*, in a notice of the book, says:

"An interesting account is given of the Garden City of Mr. Stewart, a rich linen-draper of Broadway. 'But surely,' says Mr. Marshall, 'a grander instance of liberality and large-heartedness on the part of one man can not be named than that which characterized the closing years of Mr. Stewart's successful life. What does the reader think of a man founding and setting up a city, furnishing it with a splendid cathedral, with schools, etc.—a man whose aim and object was to establish a self-supporting community of men of small means, every man being his own landlord, owning the roof he lived under and the soil he tilled?' Mr. Stewart began by buying 10,000 acres; then he laid out twenty-seven miles of boulevards, eighty feet wide, and planted with 50,000 trees. It is said that he intended to erect 10,000 houses, and to bequeath to the world a city complete in itself."

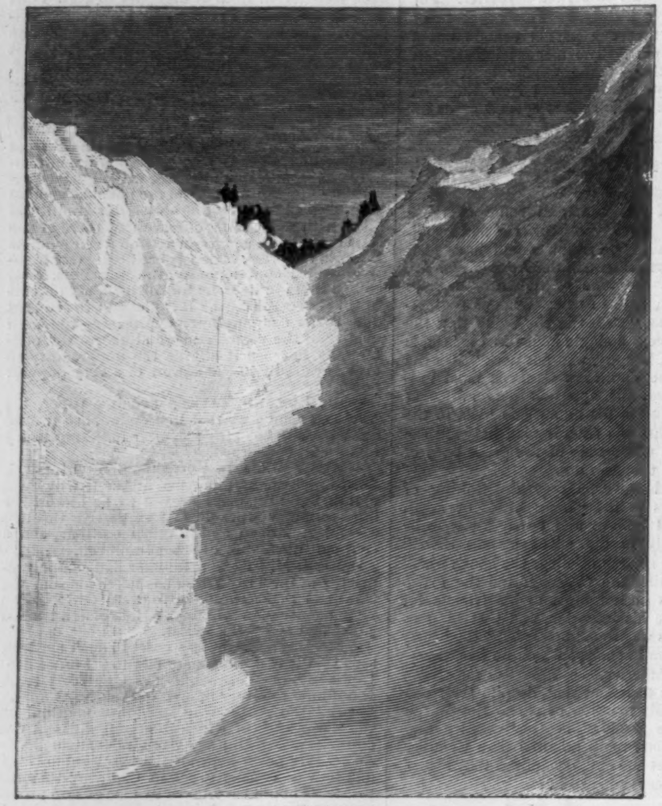
—The report that Bret Harte was much given to associate with the "upper-ten" in England is thus extinguished in a letter from the wife of an American consul in that country: "The paragraph which has been circulated in many newspapers, and denied in a very few, to the effect that Bret Harte has become snobbish and un-American, is a baseless slander. On the contrary, his patriotism is as pure and high as when he wrote the 'Reveille; or, John Burns of Gettysburg,' and he has not been one bit spoiled by all the attention showered upon him by our English cousins. The lie was probably started by some malicious enemy, who, believing that absent friends are always wrong, thinks he can assail him, and there will be no one kind and just enough to defend him."

—Mr. Richardson, of Mississippi, is said to be the largest cotton planter in the world. He has many plantations, factories, and mills, and many country stores. He is sixty-two, and has a peculiar habit of rising at two o'clock in the morning, waking his secretary, and dispatching all his business before his seven-o'clock breakfast.

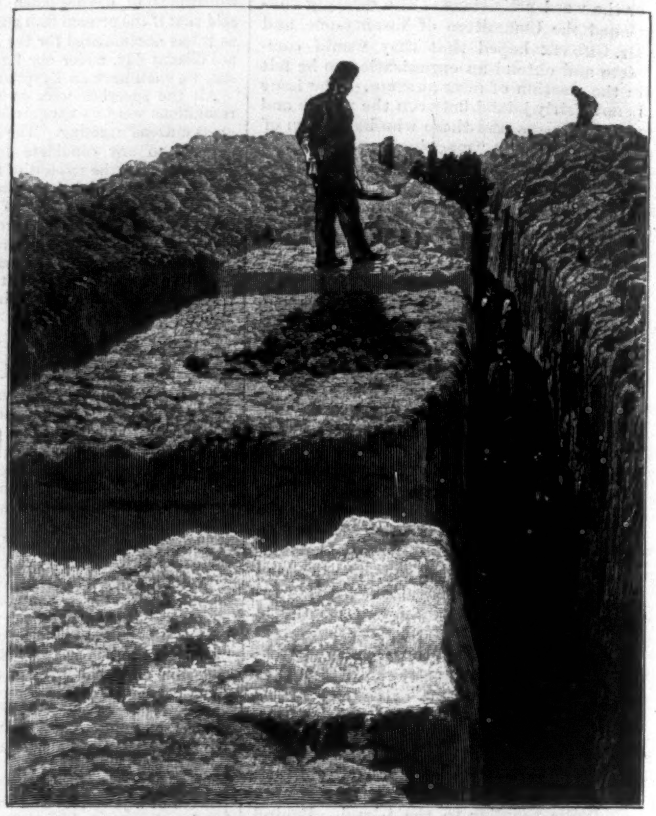
—Mr. Moses Hopkins, brother of the late Mark Hopkins, has given $50,000 for the endowment of the Golden Gate Academy at Oakland, California, conditioned upon an equal sum being raised by others.

—Governor Seymour says that when the late General Myer, the head of the Signal Service Bureau at Washington, came back from a visit to Europe, where he had gone to extend his weather communications, he complained that the chief trouble he had in the negotiations was that there is no country in Europe, except Russia, big enough to hold a good-sized storm.

—The "personal" column is always toned up when recording the benefactions of men of fortune. Thus it is pleasant to announce that Mr. Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, has given $500,000 for the endowment of a new college to be called Adelbert College. It is to be located in Cleveland, and named after the deceased and favorite son of Mr. Stone. Among those who are to manage this trust are President Garfield, ex-President Hayes, and Colonel John Hay (Mr. Stone's son-in-law). Mr. A. B. Stone (a brother of Mr. Amasa Stone), who resides in New York, has just bought, for $20,000, "Bath Park," at Bath, Long Island, for the Children's Aid Society. It contains four and a half acres, with trees, several pavilions, ninety bath-houses, and 450 feet fronting on the sea. The new "Summer Home" will be the resort of the poor children of tenement-houses in hot weather.



AN IMMENSE SNOW-DRIFT.



CUTTING THE SNOW INTO BLOCKS.

THE SNOW BLOCKADE.

THE winter of 1880–81 was a hard one all over the country, but especially so in the West and Northwest. One of the oldest settlers declared that nothing like it had been seen in that section for fifty years. The first snow fell early in October, and from that time on there were more than sixty heavy storms in various parts. The snow was from six to fifteen feet deep on the level, while the drifts were twice that depth, and in some places they are said to have been over fifty feet deep.

The sufferings of the people were simply terrible. Many houses were buried out of sight, and their inmates completely cut off from communication with the outside world. After tunnelling their way out, they were obliged to pull down their barns and fences for fuel, and in some cases the telegraph poles and railroad ties were dug out and chopped up to keep the fires going. One man in Dakota who had taken in two neighboring families, not so well housed, to save them from perishing, was compelled finally to break up their little cabins for fire-wood. The bitter cold continuing, the man's own furniture was sacrificed, even to the bedsteads, trunks, and the children's toys.

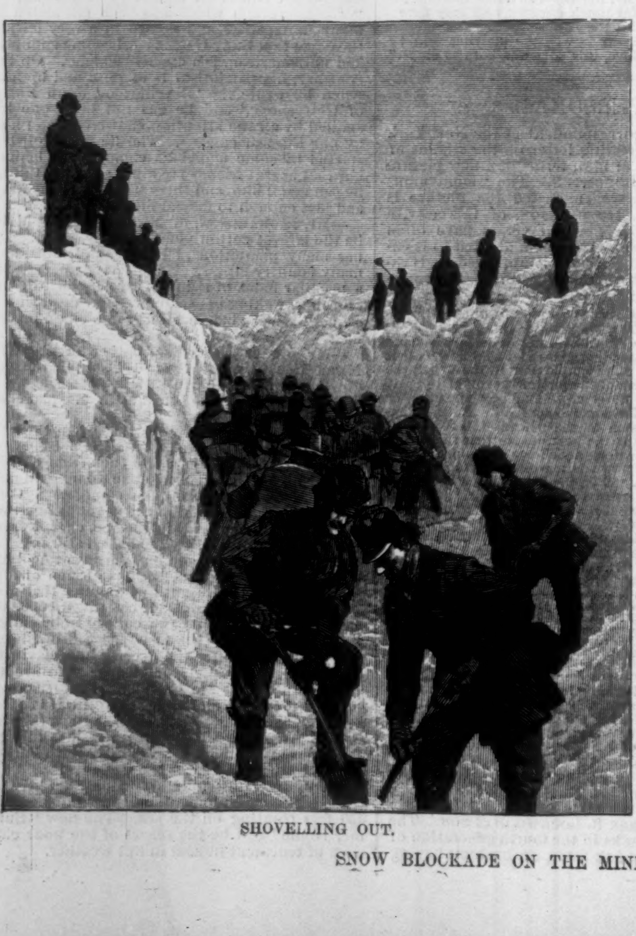
In one place the people, for economy's sake, abandoned their homes and met in a hall, where they were kept warm by a fire fed by the timber of their sheds and barns. Some of the lumber-yards sold their stock for fuel, and many of the farmers burned their corn and even their hay. The cattle perished by the thousand.

The railroads were blockaded for miles, and some of the trains were held fast in the drifts for several days together. The work of tunnelling through and digging out was immense, and the cost amounted to a large fortune. One company offered $50,000 and all its receipts to any one who would keep the line open till spring. The Northwestern Railway Company spent over $300,000 since October. Thirty-four immense snow-ploughs had plenty of work, and these were backed up by from two to six locomotives each. The power of these ploughs and the great resistance of a snow-drift may be estimated from the facts that one plough weighing 48,000 pounds, ballasted by 80,000 pounds of railway iron, and driven by six locomotives, attacked a snow-choked cutting, but was defeated. The drift was fifty-two feet high. When the workmen, after the tremendous charge, caught a glimpse of the immense plough, they found that it, with all its 128,000 pounds, had been repelled as if it were a feather, and that it had rolled clean over the drift, and had lodged against some forest trees, where it proposes to remain until summer. From one cut 324,000 cubic yards of snow were taken, but in eight hours the wind had piled it up full again. Nine thousand men have been employed from time to time during the winter as shovellers.

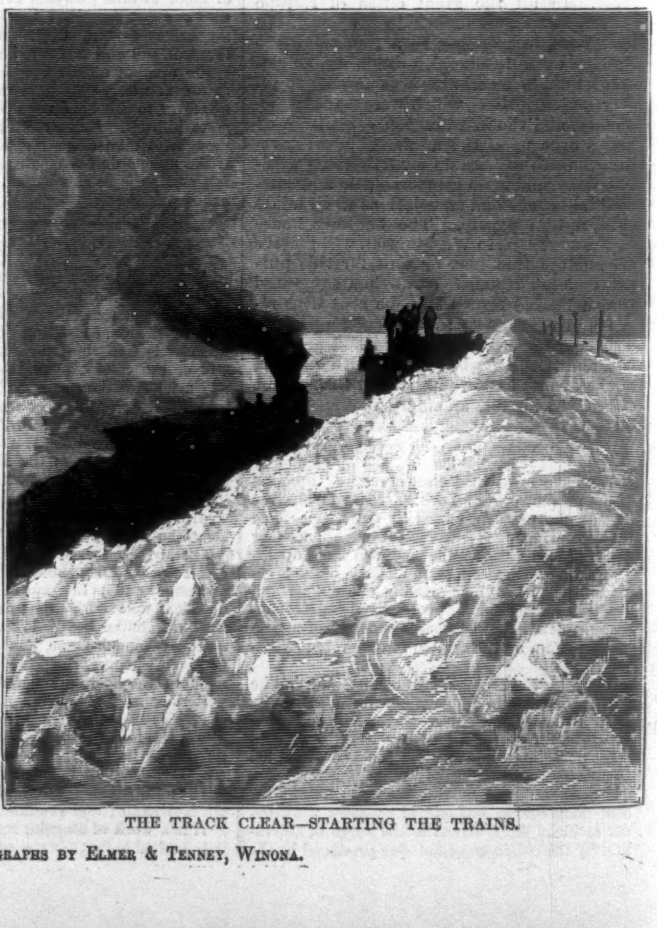
The illustrations on this page are made from photographs taken by ELMER & TENNEY, of Winona, Minnesota. They represent scenes on the Winona branch of the Northwestern road and on the Southern Minnesota. The snow was cleared by cutting it into great blocks twelve feet long and the width of the road. As soon as the blocks were cut, a locomotive pushed up to them, and making fast, dragged them off to a wider place, where they could be broken up and shovelled away. The "sail-sled" shown in one of the pictures was the invention of P. L. ALLEN and WILL STATHERN, baggage-man and brake-man on the Southern Minnesota road. Receiving orders by telegraph at Fulda to report as soon as possible at Wells, and finding it impossible to get there by ordinary means, they rigged up the sled, and made the time to Fairmount, a distance of fifty-seven miles, in seven hours. It was larger than a farm sled, with runners six inches wide on the bottom. The mainsail was three-cornered, and contained about sixteen yards of heavy cotton cloth. The mast was sixteen feet high, and a rough board behind served as a rudder.

DRAGGING OUT A BLOCK OF SNOW.

FIFTY-SEVEN MILES ON A "SAIL-SLED."

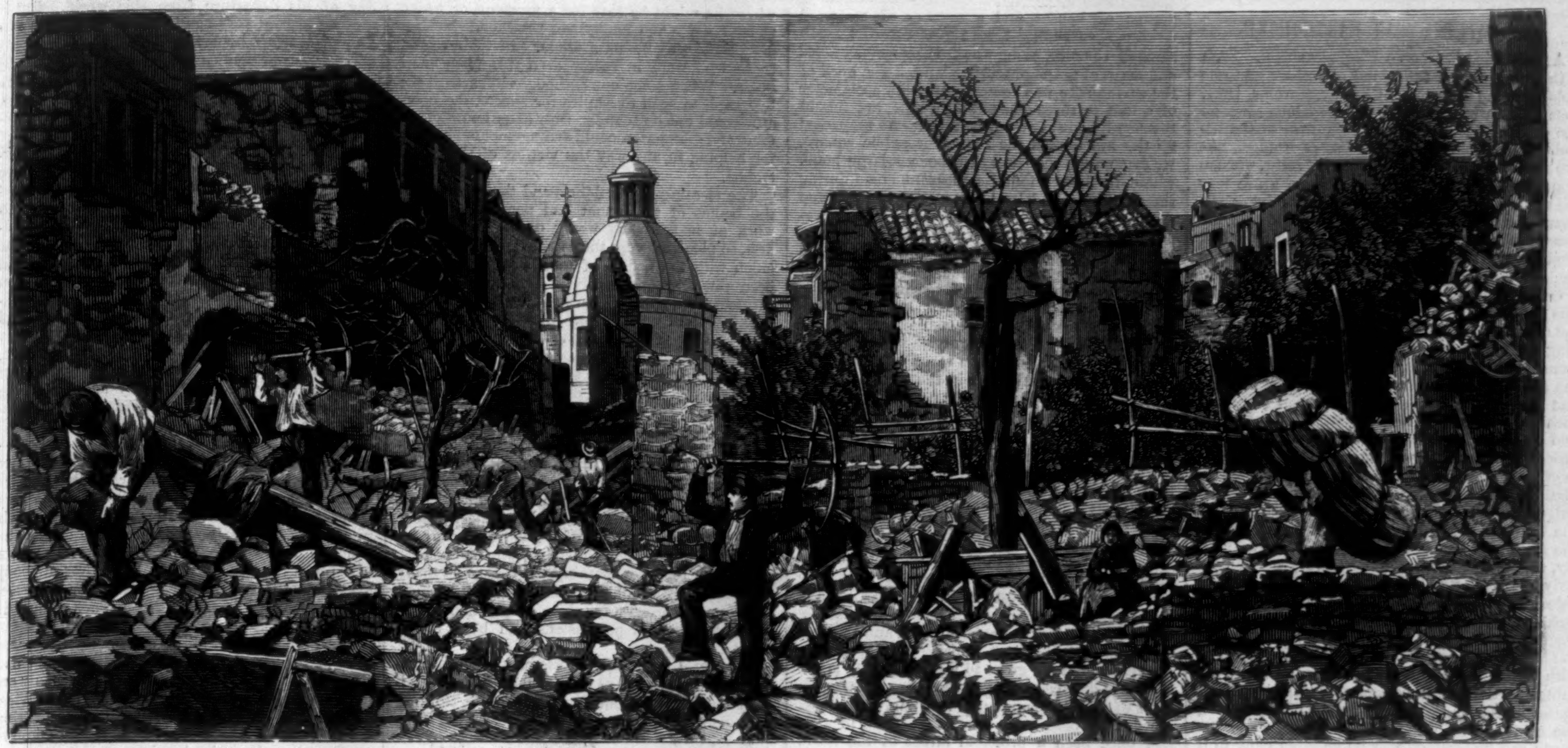


SHOVELLING OUT.

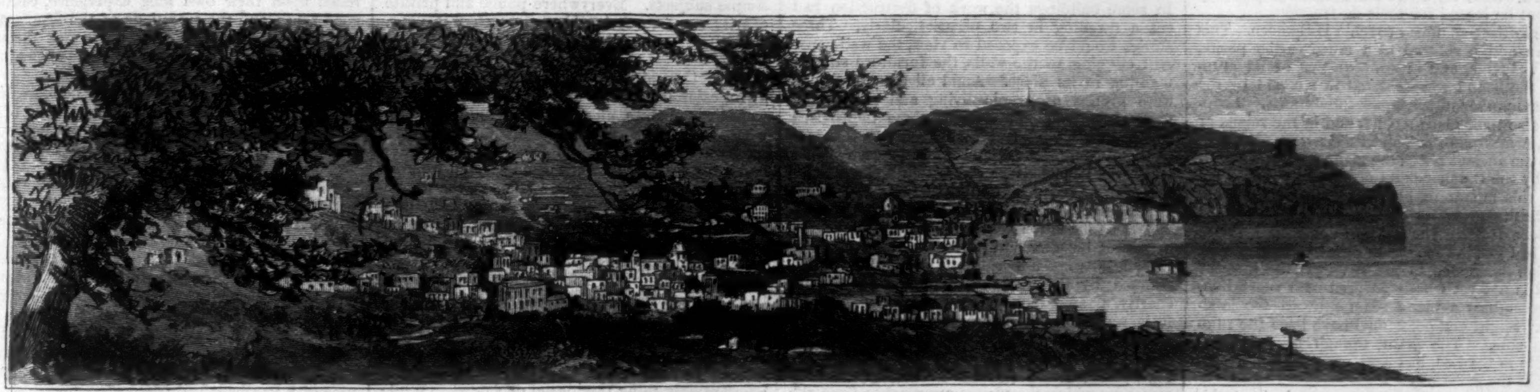


THE TRACK CLEAR—STARTING THE TRAINS.

SNOW BLOCKADE ON THE MINNESOTA RAILWAYS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELMER & TENNEY, WINONA.



CLEARING AWAY THE RUINS.



THE TOWN OF CASAMICCIOLA BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.

INTERIOR OF A CHURCH AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN THE ISLAND OF ISCHIA.—From Photographs.—[See Page 282.]

DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

A TOWN laid low by an earthquake shock. Such is Casamicciola, on the island of Ischia. At one o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, March 4, 1881, Casamicciola was a bright and populous town on one of the largest and most beautiful of the islands that lie just outside the Bay of Naples. At five minutes past one, it was a pile of ruins, whence clouds of dust and tongues of flame arose into the air, mingled with the shrieks of its dying and tortured inhabitants. A single convulsion of the treacherous earth beneath its foundations had produced, in the space of a hundred seconds, a scene of desolation impossible to describe.

Our visit to the scene of this awful catastrophe was made within a few days of the occurrence of the calamity, travellers having been in the beginning forbidden to approach the island. In the sunny glow of an Italian morning we sailed under the shadow of Vesuvius, and passing by Posilipo and Procida, approached the vine-clad slopes of Ischia. This island is the Inarime of antiquity, and the mediæval Iscla. It is about nineteen miles in circumference, without taking the numerous indentations into account, and has a population of 25,800 inhabitants. These are principally engaged in fishing and in the cultivation of the vine, the fig, and the orange. The climate is the far-famed one of soft and sunny Southern Italy, and the scenery in almost every part singularly beautiful, this being the work of the terrible volcanic forces that heaped the island together. Ischia stands with its exalted head wrapped in the clouds, its rocky base lapped by the blue waves of the Mediterranean, and its terraced slopes clothed with rich and magnificent foliage, produced by subterranean fires in conjunction with the ardent kisses of the sun. So beautiful is it that even the coldest and most cautious visitor from the North can understand why its children cling to it in spite of the terrible forces that are so slightly chained within its bosom, and which may at any moment be loosed for their destruction.

The loftiest summit of Ischia is Epomeo. This was an active volcano at a much earlier period than Vesuvius, and in consequence of its eruptions the island was deserted in B.C. 474 by the greater number of the Greek inhabitants. Eruptions also took place B.C. 94, and in the reigns of TITUS, ANTONINUS PIUS, and DIOCLETIAN. According to the ancient poets, the giant Typhœus, transfixed by the thunder-bolts of Jove, lay buried beneath this mountain, like Enceladus under Etna, periodically groaning and sending forth fearful eruptions of fire. The last eruption recorded took place in 1302. The stream of lava which on that occasion descended to the sea near the town of Ischia is not yet wholly covered with vegetation, and resembles a black seam athwart the landscape. Slight and occasional have been the rumblings since. The giant, though turning occasionally in his bed, has sent no glowing torrents through the crust of earth.

Ischia, like all the regions round about this ancient and degenerate land of Italy, has its history. After the fall of Rome it suffered many attacks and devastations at the hands of the various lords of the soil. Saracens and Pisans attacked its rocky heights, and the Emperor HENRY VI. and his son FREDERICK sent their soldiers to subdue it. In 1282 Ischia revolted with Sicily against the ANJOU dynasty, but was subdued by CHARLES II. of Naples, who made it part of his kingdom. Since then it has been united with Naples, following her through the difficulties and vicissitudes that beset her under BOURBON rule, and now sharing the better condition of affairs that has resulted from the efforts of the present government. Among the famous names connected with Ischia is that of the great PESCARA, born at the castle of Ischia. This is the stronghold so gallantly defended by his sister CONSTANCE against the forces of LOUIS XII. of France. Here retired in her widowhood and bereavement VITTORIA COLONNA, wife of PESCARA and friend of MICHAEL ANGELO, renowned in all subsequent ages for her talent and her beauty, and for the relations that she bore to these famous men. Here, also, in this grim and gloomy castle, MARIA of Aragon passed many days weeping for the loss of her husband, the Marchese del Vasto.

Casamicciola was but the third town in importance upon Ischia. Two larger ones, Ischia, the capital, and Forio, lie upon her slopes, and neither of these sustained more than slight injury from the convulsion that laid Casamicciola nearly level with the earth. As our gallant little excursion steamer—charging three times the usual rates, for the benefit of the sufferers from the earthquake, and carrying a cargo of clothing and provisions for them—approached the landing-place, we were greeted by a scene that would have awakened sympathy in the most unfeeling breast. Most of the population seemed to have gathered on the wharf and in the long sloping street that approached the town. There was about them a look of utter bewilderment and desolation. Men, women, and children wore that stunned and hopeless air that will come over faces where a blow has been felt with which the mind is utterly unable to contend. This simple Italian people had lost in a moment every material possession it had ever known. Every household utensil, money, members of their families, and friends lay buried under the masses of what was once their homes. Dazed and motionless, the women sat upon broken walls, with their children clinging to them, waiting to be fed by strangers. Old and helpless men crawled about, too despairing to beg, as was their wont, while such as could work seemed unable to master their faculties sufficiently to do so.

The scattered dwellings near the Marina, or landing-place of the town, were but slightly injured. Cracks and fissures appear, but most are still intact in appearance, and habitable. Only after a few minutes' walk does the traveller find himself in the centre of the ruined district. The town of Casamicciola consisted of several large groups of houses, and a number of scattered dwellings, extending from the sea up the north slope of Epomeo, along whose sides stretch acres and acres of grape-producing land. The work of the earthquake was comprised within a diameter of a half to three-quarters of a mile, but this in the very thickest part of the town. As we passed up the hill toward the Piazza, or public square, we came upon the Gran Sentinella, a large hotel, where foreigners found a pleasant home during their visits to the island. Its wide corridors and sunny platforms were deserted; great seams showed themselves in its walls, and the shaken front was propped with huge timbers. Everywhere that a wall could be made to stand, hasty supports of all kinds had been improvised, to save, if possible, further accumulation of débris. Beyond the hotel we came upon a mass of complete ruins. As in the prophecy of the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, not one stone stood upon another. All had been hurled down in the terrific convulsion, that seemed in places not only to have shaken but to have torn and twisted the buildings it destroyed.

The houses and other buildings of Casamicciola, like those everywhere throughout this district, are constructed of the soft volcanic substance that can only by courtesy be called stone. It is a sort of pumice mingled with sand and ashes, and crumbling almost under the touch. Everywhere the constituents differ, and in the Casamicciola buildings the material seems to have been of the softest and frailest kind. Walls several feet in thickness are built of this stone, over which plaster is profusely laid, and the outside painted in brilliant colors. An appearance of great solidity is given to what in reality is but a sponge-like crumbling structure. Mass upon mass of this débris, reduced seemingly to almost powder, lay before our eyes as we stood in what had once been a principal street of the town. Occasionally a portion of a wall had resisted the shock, while another part had yielded completely. In some buildings the work of destruction had cut a dwelling in two perpendicularly. Three stories would be exposed to view, the wall-paper still clinging to the walls, the furniture still remaining in its place. Amid all this desolation were groups of people living and performing their daily tasks, the sky or some improvised covering for a roof, and a mass of ashes for their beds. Sometimes a family would be seen sitting in a sort of silent despair guarding a few articles saved from the general destruction. Occasionally a hand would be held out for money, and an appeal be made for help; but the audacious and persistent begging natural to the lower class of Italians was not noticeable in this island people, stunned by their awful calamity. Systematic charity, arranged by persons at the head of affairs, was going on, and in their helplessness they relied upon the care that they knew was at work.

The principal church of Casamicciola is the Maddalena, standing in the Piazza, opposite the street by which the visitor approaches from the Marina. As if the power of the earthquake had quailed before the spirit of the place, as a strong and powerful demon quails before a weak and helpless saint, this building and a few immediately around it have been spared. Even the tower stands, though the moment the shock was felt the clock ceased its motion, leaving the hand to point to that awful hour when the earth was moved, and the habitations of men perished. As we entered the doors of the edifice under the lintel, supported by a heavy piece of timber, it seemed as if a band of devils must have been at work therein. Great seams showed themselves in the walls, altars were overthrown, and candles and images lay prostrate on the floor. The image of the crucified Christ was wrenched from the wall, and the picture of the Madonna, with angels and cherubs about her, torn and riven into shreds. Objects touched only reverently by ordained hands, and gazed at with awe and worship by the people, were hurled and strewn about. Even the golden chalice had been overturned, and the holy wafer broken and defaced. The scene can not be described. The powers of good and evil had seemingly wrestled together. The latter had not prevailed, but the marks of the conflict were such as to strike the beholder with awe, and carry his thoughts far from earth, and toward the terrible mysteries underlying all that we see and know.

As we turned from the church we stopped to hear the stories of those that had been upon the island at the time of the earthquake shock. Each had a different tale to tell, but the clearest and most graphic came from Signora DOMBRE, the proprietress of the Piccola Sentinella, a hotel near the shore, which escaped the fate of the larger caravansary further up the hill. This lady told us the story of that terrible moment indicated by the motionless clock of the Piazza. The family and one or two guests were seated at breakfast in their private room, when, as if struck by some powerful force from beneath, the floor seemed to bound suddenly upward, and all small articles flew from the table; then a wrench or twist followed, which moved the furniture from its position to an angle of about forty-five degrees from where it stood. All was done in a moment. The party rushed to the door of the hotel, but were driven back by a servant in time to escape a falling wall. Great seams appeared in the walls around them, which shivered and rocked, but the hotel, solidly built, stood, while slighter buildings fell on each side. The house of the signora's daughter, situated upon a terrace near by, fell upon the one below it, crushing the latter completely. In a moment clouds of dust arose, filling the air to suffocation, while through the blinding mass stones and particles of falling wall were hurled in every direction.

The scenes that followed seem to have approached the limits of human agony. Men and women rushed shrieking like maniacs among the falling masses of their homes. No one knew where he might be safe for a moment, or which of his friends and family had perished. Not for days could this be ascertained. In their fright, those who were in safety even fled from their posts. When some one bethought himself of the telegraph to send to Naples for succor, the operator could not be found. Only after hours of tumult and distraction could arrangements be made for helping in any way the victims of the catastrophe.

The clearing of the débris and the recovery of the bodies of those that had perished was the work of many, many weary days. During the first, so plentiful were the victims that carts were laden with the bodies of men, women, and children piled promiscuously together, and driven through the streets to burial without a moment's care bestowed upon them. Spectators described the scene as so horrible that they could not look upon it, for round these death-carts hung surviving relatives, their tears and groans rending the air, and clinging with desperate arms to the maimed corpses that they had not the means to array for decent burial. Then, as one by one new victims were brought to light, the terrible anxiety on the part of the living to recognize the remains, and see to whom they belonged, produced scene after scene of agony and despair, such as made the island an abode of the deepest misery that can be known. The dead were, in many instances, better off than the living, who had neither shelter nor food nor clothing left them, and many of whom were old people and children, without the power to provide for their own wants, and to whom their small possessions had been everything.

The world was kind to Casamicciola in her calamity and despair—as kind as it could be—sending great piles of money, of food, and of clothing to be distributed among the sufferers. King HUMBERT sent a goodly sum, and the savings of the Crown Prince were poured out with boyish generosity, to alleviate the woes of their poor and simple subjects. Everywhere public and private charity came to their aid, and much was done. And one great comfort to these afflicted people was their sweet and simple faith. As we walked through Casamicciola in the first days of this awful calamity, everywhere that our eyes turned were little shrines, alcoves built within the wall, where the carved images of the Madonna and various saints were placed. How many such shrines had been destroyed no one could tell, but wherever in the broken walls one remained, the débris had been cleared, and patient footsteps had struggled through masses of fallen stone and crumbling mortar to place in front of it the lighted candles and the bunches of fresh flowers. There seemed to have been no doubting and no questioning, no faithlessness and no distrust, aroused in this Italian village by the destruction of their homes and the slaying by hundreds of their kindred and friends. They had no complaint to make against the Providence that had bereft them of every earthly thing they loved or valued. While listening to the story of a poor Italian girl, who had lost father and mother and brothers during that dreadful hour, we said to her, "And you escaped unhurt?"

With great, troubled, innocent eyes, she answered, "Si, signora, grazie a Dio."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

AMONG THE JACKDAWS.

AMONG the good people of Dartmoor very few subjects (outside of their own parish) arouse more interest, or create more wonder, than a town in the southeast of England, which used in plain days to be called London, but has no idea of being now described except as "this mighty Babylon," or "our immense metropolis."

A man came down from London once to Christowell, by some accident, and he put up at the "Three Horseshoes," and he called for hot brandy and water. With wonderful speed, considering the size of the village, it was heard that he was there; and nobody who could help it failed to go and see what he was like. No idle curiosity was in their bosoms, neither any anxiety to drink his health—fearfully though he must require it, for every one had heard of the plague of London—but it was the clear wish of a large community to recognize an envoy from one even larger. The gentleman, whose residence was in Whitechapel, could by no means understand their speech; but by help of a smoky old map in the bar—a better map than any that has been made since—he managed to try to get it into their heads, by a bold exaggeration of his own, that London town was bigger than all Dartmoor. Now John Sage came in, before that was got over; and when he began to understand it—for his mind was slow, from its magnitude—the simplest truism from his lips made the bagman order slippers. For John said nothing rude, but stretched his arms across the hills and valleys of the map (which looked more vast from the fog shed over them by much smoke), and without turning round, he reflected thus: "Never wur I one of them as goeth again' the Lor' Amaighty. Every day a' doeth winders. But niver, if so be a' worked all Zinday, could a' create rogues enow to orkapy all thiccy."

Perhaps this view of the matter is unsound, though John was never contradicted after he once turned fifty; for his father was known to have foretold, as true as a cathedral clock, the day of his departure from this world. But it may be argued very soundly that if there be in London lawyers honest, *a fortiori* there must be other people of that same cumbrous quality. And without any hazardous admission about that, it is enough to say that in 1840 there might have been found, in the very heart of London, a firm of solicitors as honest as the day.

Messrs. Latimer & Emblin, of No. 10 Jackdaw's Court, Gray's Inn, had been in practice (through their ancestors or selves) for upward of a century, and their practice was quiet, and wise, and solid. With litigation they had so little to do that if any one asked them who was the present Attorney-General, they went to the legal almanac to look, and after much consultation sometimes put the saddle upon the wrong animal. Yet, being always accurate in the end, and very particular not to mislead, whenever they made a mistake they always corrected it by post, at a nominal charge. And if a worthy lawyer can conciliate affection, it is by acknowledging that he was wrong, with a lenient charge for confessing it.

Even as the loftiest of all watch-makers—"horologists" now they call themselves—will not allow time to make any noise near him, but glances in his office at a mute chronometer, so the very deepest lawyers hush the clack of law on their premises. It must be present in the air, as the smell of cheeses from the warehouse is, where only plugs are kept to taste; but unless anybody asks about it, it may try to pass for a sweet-smelling savor; and to analyze such things is seldom wise.

But though they declined all common-law cases (except for some client of generations), and had little to do with equity, these two gentlemen were sound lawyers, and never gave ill-advised advice. They would go through the form of consulting counsel, as a solicitor often does when he knows much more than the barrister, or at any rate works his knowledge better. But in reality they relied upon their own long experience, caution, good sense, and the traditions of the firm. And whenever they made a mistake, it was through undue veneration for the latter. And such a mistake they were making at this time.

Mr. Latimer now was a venerable man, wealthy, contented, and well endowed with those gifts of bygone generations, thick snowy curls and sound natural teeth. He was very particular about his dress, already becoming antiquated, that is to say, fine kersey breeches, black silk stockings and buckled shoes, a straight-cut coat, a shirt with a frill of the purest white cambric, fastened with a brooch containing a lock of his late wife's hair, and a roll-collar waistcoat of black silk, under whose margin, and upon a fair rotundity, glistened a broad watered ribbon supporting a weighty gold ring of magnificent gold seals. With all these things his grave mild face and dignified air comported well, making it difficult to imagine, and quite impossible to find, a more perfect specimen of a gentleman of business.

Mr. Emblin was nearly a score of years younger, taller by a head, and sparely framed. He had a little turn for sporting dress, but checked it, as much as he could, at the office. He had some free ideas of "going ahead," and lamented at home that his senior so sternly refused to have anything to do with a branch of business now bringing in money by the bagful, to wit, the mighty schemes of mad Railway Companies. But he had a prudent wife, who told him of the ancient legend of the bird in hand; also he had a shrewd head of his own, and an ancestor of his had lost a fortune in the "South-sea Bubble." So that he managed to abstain, though it irked him sadly to see the ungodly, in the form of inferior attorneys, puffed up with Company fatness, and swelling about as if the round earth was their rail.

This firm had large premises all their own, for Jackdaw's Court belonged only in part to the learned and honorable Society. Sundry people, sometimes so illegal as to be downright costermongers, held their local habitation there, by some original frankpledge; and if they were questioned about their title, they supposed it to be chaff, and made answer generally that they never stuck up to be nobs. But No. 10 stood apart from any contact with such squatters, being a goodly house rebuilt in the reign of Queen Anne, as the date declared, with Righteousness and Peace above the third-floor windows, kissing each other, in compo.

Now Righteousness and Peace, with a wreath above them, relieved their airy costume with black, and their rippling tresses with a wealth of soot—at a shilling a bushel, which is fair price—also the railings would have paid for scraping, by a man who knows how to "utilize"; and many other little specks might have been discovered by the boy who washed the windows of the Moreton folk; still, when a gentleman once got in, he had many grounds for satisfaction, and perhaps for gratitude. For he found a good mat for his boots, and some landscapes to look at (instead of land drawn and quartered, with arrows stuck through its disembowelment), also chairs of illegal nature, because they could give as well as take, and a power of attorney to sit down and poke the fire without prejudice.

On the first floor a very tidy room contained some handsome old furniture, and the members of the firm from ten until four o'clock of the day. No one in those brave times required sherry and sandwiches, or stout and oysters, at the witching hour of the legal noon, when writs are running rapidest, and clients go to and fro most prone to be devoured; but the wiser manner of solid lawyers was to dine at half past five, with the hungry bosoms of their family around, and a quiet rubber or sweet nap in prospect; though the railways already were beginning to screech out, to make the day hideous and the night a nightmare.

Now a good drizzle often makes a fine day of

business in London, because it is so dirty. If our "vast metropolis" attempted to be clean, it would never do half the trade it does; not only because of the energy wasted in so vain an enterprise, nor even through the violence offered thus to nature, but chiefly because the people coming with the money would be in several minds about a bargain. When all is serene, and a walk or drive a pleasure, as in most Continental cities, a customer (even though he be of British race) hangs over his cash more dubiously. "I can come again to-morrow; I will think about it; I will look into my bank-book, and perhaps consult my wife," is the unsatisfactory process of his mind; and the likelihood is that he never comes again. But upon a day of good substantial dirt, with the drip of a myriad umbrellas in his neck, and a very safe coupon of bronchitis in his throat, his dogged resolution says, "Now or never. I have ploughed through all this muck, and I mean business."

On that day when the rain rushed down so savagely on Dartmoor, there was in London nothing more than a drizzle, bedewing the growth of business. Dirt came up between the flag-stones as if there were a crop of cress to lift it, and getting kicked away by scrambling feet, slipped into a coat of slimy mud. Impatient men, whose time was money, at every advance lost twenty-five per cent., while the slow knock-kneed fellow from the country, accustomed to slippery fallows, grinned. And though the neighborhood of Gray's Inn is not so very bad, when considered calmly, backsliding occurred there, not only of feet, but also of tongues under very learned wigs.

"It seems that we may almost go," said Mr. Latimer, whose manner was to offer everything in *semble;* "it is getting rather dark at a quarter to four, even in what might be called a summer month, or at any rate used to be so considered. The extraordinary increase in the quantity of soot that fills the air is quite wonderful. Within my memory our jackdaws had quite a color of their own, and their backs used to shine like a boot or a bottle, but now they go about as if they swept chimneys. Emblin, you must have noticed it."

"You have drawn my attention to the fact before," said his partner, who heard the remark every week; "but good-by, I fear, to our chance of getting off, for here comes a carriage. Why, it is my lord's, and Mr. Gaston in it. What I told you was right; he can do exactly as he pleases in that quarter."

"I could hardly have believed it," Mr. Latimer replied. "Such a self-willed man as my lord was once! But such men seem to become most helpless when their vigor fails them. It is a lucky thing for him to have such a man of business, shrewd, active, honest, intelligent, and a thoroughly sound Tory."

"I have not quite the opinion of our friend that you have. However, that is no concern of ours, so long as he has his credentials. Hulloa! Why, here he is!"

"Gentlemen, your most obedient!" Mr. Gaston exclaimed, in his playful manner, foregoing the honor of being announced. "Delighted to see you at the receipt of custom. I said to my lord, when he grumbled about something, 'You may go all over Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and both Temples, and find no firm to compare with them.' By old Harry, I was right. And it is not only that, but the manners, the cordiality, the polish put on business."

"Sir, we are much obliged by your good opinion. What can we do for you to-day?"

Mr. Latimer disliked familiarity, and was a good judge of a gentleman, inasmuch as he was one himself. But nothing ever abashed George Gaston.

"Well," he said, "I begin to feel ashamed of coming so often about a thing that seems so simple. But being so entirely trusted with this business, which can not make the difference of a doit to me, I seem to be compelled to see about it more than if it were my own concern. Of legal matters I know as little as a babe, and my great desire is to leave the whole of them to you, who know them so thoroughly, and are so careful. But, as you know, I am not my own master; and to-day he has been in a perpetual fume. I hope you have settled something."

"I beg you to sit down, sir," Mr. Latimer replied; "you could ill be spared, and there is such a thing as being too hard upon the laboring horse. You have indeed plenty upon your hands, without being worried by this troublesome affair. But let us recount our own little share. Emblin, may I trouble you for the private day-book? Here is a copy of the very careful letter, written by my excellent partner himself, and directed in accordance with the address which you discovered by your most disinterested labors. And here is that letter itself, bearing all the proper postmarks, and returned by this very morning's post, in this new envelope, with a very curt, not to say discourteous, reply. Solitude does not, perhaps, improve the manners, but we long have known the gentleman to be most eccentric."

"Short, but not sweet," said Mr. Gaston, lifting his eyebrows, as he read, indignantly: "'I beg to return your rigmarole. Once for all, I will have nothing to do with the bad lot I have quitted; and whether they are alive or dead makes no difference to yours, obediently, L. Arthur.' Upon my word, such a man is outside the pale of civilized life altogether."

"So he may be," Mr. Emblin broke in, after watching Gaston narrowly, "but that does not dispense with his signature. The Company want the land; they pay a long price for it; and it is wholly impossible to convey it without this gentleman's concurrence or decease. My senior agrees with me. The title has been passed, and now this fatal hitch arises."

"But we don't want the money, and we hate to sell the land," cried the visitor, with his red color rising. "If they take our land against our will, surely they must take it as they can get it. Suppose a man could force his land on me, and take my money, should I be bound to show him all the history of my money? Yet how could he tell that it was my own?"

"In theory, there may be much in that," Mr. Latimer answered, gently; "but we must consider things as they are. These new-fangled Companies, they may do good, or they may do harm—which seems more likely; but at any rate they get their Act, and no man's house is his castle against them. They take a man's land without his leave, and if he can not make them fee-simple without blemish, they suspend a large percentage of the purchase-money. It is tyranny, of course; but if these Companies endure, their tyranny will soon be a thousandfold of that. But to come back to the point—in the face of this refusal, what are we to do for the best, to meet his lordship's wishes, and to keep things smooth? Is he still under orders to avoid excitement?"

"Sir John Tickell says no more than this, that the banging of a door (unless he banged it himself, which he does pretty heartily, as you know) might send him, in a moment, far beyond the reach of medicine. I wish you would only come and see him: he still sees old friends upon his better days; and he has a high regard for you, Mr. Latimer."

"His lordship's remembrance and good opinion of me," the honest lawyer answered, with a proud glance at his buckles, which had belonged to a Sir Thomas Latimer, "are profoundly gratifying. He is not one who rashly forms good opinions. Even you, Mr. Gaston, were with him some years before you won his entire confidence. But experience has proved your sterling value."

"I simply do my duty, and deserve no thanks. But it takes a great deal, as you say, to overcome his lordship's mistrust in human nature. A treacherous son is a sad shock to confidence."

"And to lose the better one, a very bitter blow. I see that his lordship keeps his servants still in mourning. It is sad indeed to see the ancient families die out."

"Come, Mr. Latimer," the visitor said, briskly, "there is one old family as young as ever, and one of its finest representatives is here, and I have the honor of looking at him. No compliments, sir; in those I never deal. If I have prospered, and obtained some good repute, and the confidence of every one possessed of noble feeling, it is through nothing more than plain rough truth. I say to everybody, 'You must take me as I am.'"

"But," said Mr. Emblin, who had not got any compliments, and considered his family quite as good as Latimer's, and wanted to be off to see to a little dinner party, "it appears to me that we have settled nothing about the business Mr. Gaston came to speak of, unless it is to leave things *in statu quo.*"

"*Statu quo* is an excellent expression," that gentleman replied, with all his strong cordiality; "it is the proper attitude for large land-owners, and their humble representatives. Let the next step proceed from the bold intruders. If they are in a hurry, we are not. We meet them with the simple fact that we can do no more. They must leap the obstacles in their own way. Possession is what they want, and they can have it. 'I give thee all, I can no more,' is our final answer to them. You will put the matter in the proper legal form; and there it rests while his lordship lives."

"But," said Mr. Emblin, who was dry and very tough, "we are bound to make another effort. This gentleman refuses to have anything to do with us. Perhaps he has a fancy that we have wronged him. None the less, the Company might find him more amenable, especially for a good consideration. Even upon Dartmoor, coin is current. Powderhorn & Bullrush are sharp and active people. What do you say to our letting them get at him, as our side can not do any more, and obtain his signature, if they can?"

"An excellent idea," replied Gaston, calmly, though his face became purple, and his eyes shone darkly—"if we could only keep it from his lordship, and if it were an honorable thing to do so. Otherwise, you know what he would say—'If Powderhorn & Bullrush can do my business, and Latimer & Emblin can not, Powderhorn & Bullrush are the men for me.'"

"Highly as we value our position toward his lordship, which has now existed for many years," Mr. Latimer interposed, with dignity, "no fear of the withdrawal of his confidence would hinder us from doing our duty toward him. That is not the thing to stop us. We never submit to threats. But the step which has been proposed, at a sally, by my valued partner, would not—as he knows even better than I do—be in keeping with professional etiquette. Therefore, sir, we will not adopt the course which you object to."

"How can it make any difference to me?" Mr. Gaston asked, turning round to Mr. Emblin, for he found the calm eyes of the senior partner harder to meet than the keen gaze of the younger. "I never understand your prim niceties of tweedledum. If I make a mistake, I bow, as every one must do, to such a profession."

"Then let it be so," Mr. Emblin answered, lightly, to let the little gust of temper pass. "It is understood that we do nothing at all but wait on our oars till the enemy moves. If he is contented with the title we can give him, all well and good, and let him pay the money. If not, we can not help it, and he pays into Court a percentage against contingencies. But on no account must his lordship be disturbed, in his present state of health, about it. If anything arises, we do nothing until we have seen you about it."

"You know better than I do, ten million times over," said Gaston, impulsively. "What a plague this business is to me! But when I have once taken up a thing, I seem in some way bound to go on with it. Good-by, gentlemen both, good-by! You are martyrs to business; but even a martyr must not have his dinner burned, as well as himself."

They followed him to the door, as if they did not quite understand this style of parting—whether he was going with a friendly turn, or whether he would try—and he seldom tried in vain—to do a mischief to their good firm. For, put it as he will when his stomach is up (and somehow or other it is most exalted when profoundly empty), reflection will make the true lawyer less desirous to rule double line, and leave *hiatus* below the name of a wealthy, elderly, and decidedly combative nobleman. But Gaston spoke no word of weakness, and waved them an airy adieu upon the landing.

"What do you think he will do?" asked Mr. Emblin, as his partner, without condescending to be seen, observed in a dignified manner the departure of the mighty carriage. "I am sure he is a horribly spiteful fellow."

"I neither know nor care," Mr. Latimer replied, as he went to get his plodding shoes and thick gaiters. "He may be very upright, and his conduct seems to prove it. A common time-server would be cap in hand to those who are in remainder, and unhappily can not be set aside. But one thing is certain—he is not a gentleman. He has hurt my feelings needlessly; and it takes a great deal to hurt my feelings. Perhaps you should scarcely have said what you did. But his observation was simply brutal. Powderhorn & Bullrush for his lordship! One thing is certain: we must do nothing until we are properly requested to do it."

"My little dinner party will be spoiled," said Mr. Emblin, "and I shall be out of sorts about you too. But clearly you are right. The next move must come from him."

Now it so happened that this was, to a nicety, the very conclusion desired by George Gaston.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Apropos of the pronunciation of Arkansas recently authorized by the Legislature of that State, an Arizona paper claims that that Territory offers more obstacles to a "tender-foot," in the matter of the pronunciation of local names, than any other Territory or any State in the Union. It instances Gila, Huachuca, and Hualapai, which, it says, are pronounced Heel-er, Wor-chu-kar, and Wol-lar-pie.

There is no point of view in New York from which so much of the elevated railway system can be so advantageously seen as from the bridge at Chatham Square connecting the Third Avenue and the Second Avenue stations. That point affords a view of the stretch of road from Chatham Square to the Cooper Union toward the north, and to the City Hall and Franklin Square on the tracks extending southward. All of the Second Avenue line in Division Street is also visible. The motors and cars on the Second Avenue line are of the patterns that are used on the Sixth Avenue line, and they may be compared with the less handsome cars and less ungainly-looking motors that run between the City Hall and Harlem. At one of the busy hours, say six o'clock in the evening, it would be difficult to count the trains which can be seen from this point—sweeping around the curve at Division Street from both directions, chasing each other closely up and down the Bowery, and at short intervals starting from or halting in the pocket station just to the north of the Chatham Square station platform. The platforms connected by the high bridge are thronged with travellers, for nearly all of the passengers who go down town at that hour on the Third Avenue road cross the bridge, and take the cars of the Second Avenue line down the New Bowery to the ferries. Many, also, who ride up to the Chatham Square station through the New Bowery cross over and take the Third Avenue route up town. Other points worth seeing on the elevated roads are the high curve from One-hundred-and-tenth Street into Eighth Avenue, the two-story station at Second Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and the system of switches at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-third Street.

The movement against the advance in rents was unfortunate at the outset in falling into the hands of men who recognize beer as property, but profess to be unable to understand how a real estate owner can have any right to his own. To oppose an advance in rents was not enough for them; they talked about abolishing rents altogether. They would have real estate pay all the taxes, and yield no income. These men discouraged and disgusted the thousands who would have been glad to unite in making an earnest protest against the proposed raising of rents. The result has been what might have been expected. The alternative presented to tenants in the tenement districts was to submit to the increase of rents or to be dispossessed. The more prosperous class of tenants—those who occupy flats or apartments, and who showed no disposition to join in the anti-high-rent movement—will, without acting in concert, prevent any considerable increase in the rents paid by them. Thousands have made arrangements to live across the rivers within easy reach of the city by rail and ferry-boats, and other thousands will put their furniture in store till fall. It is probable that by the 1st of June desirable flats and apartments will be offered for the rest of the year at as low rates as those paid by the former tenants, if not lower.

The following bit of Paris gossip was in a letter from a young American to his father: "All the theatres and many of the churches are now open every Sunday in this city."

When the tramps assemble in the metropolitan police stations to obtain lodging at night, they hear the cry, "To arms!" It comes from the corps of vaccinating physicians sent out by the Health Department.

An Indiana "professor" has been telling his hearers in St. Louis that the world will come to an end on November 12, of this year, at midnight, by collision with a comet.

It is not always a "cold day" when a weather prophet "gets left."

Correspondents in Washington announce that society has already approved Mrs. Garfield's manners, and that it is nearly settled that the wives of the cabinet officers "will not return any calls except such as are incumbent upon them by social relations established before they entered upon their present onerous positions."

This information was found in an obscure part of a newspaper printed in Carson, Nevada, the earlier incidents of the occurrence being condensed: A goat had fallen into a shaft twenty-five feet deep. A one-armed herder attached a rope to a sage-bush, lowered himself into the shaft, "and returned, by the aid of his feet and teeth, holding the goat under his only arm."

Mr. Henry Bergh said, in a recent temperance meeting, that he was in favor of the whipping-post in New York city—one to every ten bar-rooms. Does he want to make the streets look like sections of an old-fashioned hop-yard?

A physician in Boston advertises for a wife, saying that women who have more brains than he has need not apply. If he really intends to find a wife of the required description by advertising, he should obtain the publishers' lowest yearly rates.

The New England Fast-day is not exactly what the forefathers intended it to be, if we may credit the testimony of a Boston newspaper that it is "harder on the digestion than Thanksgiving."

Actuated, perhaps, by an honest desire that the consumer should get the worth of his money for once, a hen in Reading, Pennsylvania, while eggs were selling at previously unheard-of prices, laid an egg of extraordinary size, within which was a second perfectly developed egg, with shell complete.

It is learned from an English source that when the Princess Louise and Prince Leopold visited Chicago, they were nearly run over by a fire-engine, which was manned and run out of its house in eleven seconds, in order to show them how efficient was the fire service in that city.

Rather than take the risk of not seeing Miss Bernhardt at all, two young women in Buffalo resorted to a dangerous expedient. They blackened their faces with charcoal, hid them as much as possible in hoods, and bought seats in the upper gallery. Their fatal mistake was in using charcoal instead of burned cork, for their color being unlike that of any known race of human beings, they attracted the attention of the audience, and finally of a policeman, who took them along with him. In the police station they were recognized as belonging to respectable families, and were sent home.

SHAD-FISHING ON THE DELAWARE.

The shad is found along the Atlantic coast from the waters of Florida to the St. Lawrence, the centre of its abundance lying between the Chesapeake Bay and Albemarle Sound, and in these waters are the most extensive fisheries. A full and very interesting account of the manner in which this important industry is followed was given in an illustrated article by James W. Milner in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1880.

The devices for the capture of shad are many. Some have been caught by anglers in rapid rivers with a hook and artificial fly at the end of a long line allowed to play on the surface in a current ripple. But the sport is too slow, and very few indulge in it. Ingenious contrivances, such as hack traps or "weirs," "slides," and "dipping wheels," are used in the Southern rivers to supply merely local demands. But the greater supplies are taken in nets, including seines, pound nets, drift nets, stake nets, and large dip nets. Seines are used in all the rivers, but the drift net is found only from the Delaware southward.

Some of the seines are very long; one used at Stony Point, on the Potomac, a few years ago, measured nearly two miles, and swept at each haul over twelve hundred acres of river-bottom. The short seines are often not more than a hundred yards long. Some are drawn to land hand over hand, or by windlasses turned by men or horses, and some of the largest by steam machinery.

Shad-fishing with the ordinary net is extensively practiced, and is a paying business. Mr. Howard Pyle's drawing on page 284 represents a scene on the Delaware River. Here the fishing began this year on the 25th of March—a little later than usual, on account of the severity of the weather. The "gill" net used by these men is so called because it entangles the fishes by the gill flaps as they swim against them. It differs from the seine both in its construction and handling. In the latter the meshes are, in the middle, but two inches across, and at the outer wings three inches, while in the gill net it is five inches from mesh to mesh, so that while every kind of fish, big and little, is caught and fastened in the seine, in the gill net all are allowed to escape but the shad. The gill is very generally used for shad-fishing, because it requires only two men to manage it, while a seine often taxes the united efforts of fifty men. During the two weeks that the Wilmington crews have been at Bombay Hook, the aggregate haul of the most successful crews was a hundred shad, and from that down to forty, caught in the smaller nets. As an instance of the importance of this river industry, it might be mentioned that over a thousand shad were taken in one day. But the luck varies, for on a colder day of the same week only half a dozen shad were caught by all the crews together.

Old fishermen say that cold weather, unless it be unusually severe, does not affect the catch half so much as rainy weather. Occasionally, at the beginning of the season, the shad, allured by the pleasant weather, come clear up the bay and river, and appear at the same time at Bombay Hook, Pennsgrove, and Gloucester, and up as far as Trenton. Usually, however, they come up to Bombay Hook about the middle of March, and from there gradually work their way up as spring advances, until they reach the highest point in the river. In this case the fishing season ends down the bay before it has begun up the river, so that the same crews can often follow the school, and catch them as they move upward.

SHAD-FISHING ON THE LOWER DELAWARE AT NIGHT—THE LAST HAUL BEFORE DAWN.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 283.]

"DAT 'POSSUM SMELL POWERFUL GOOD."—FROM THE PAINTING BY T. HOVENDEN, IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

EASTER DAWN.

O blessed Easter morning,
We hail thy gladsome light;
All glorious is thy dawning,
After the darksome night.

We greet thee with the glory
Of Easter lilies fair,
And glad bells ring thy story
Upon the morning air.

And souls long sad and weary
Put off their load of pain,
For Winter cold and dreary
Gives place to Spring's mild reign.

Bloom, O ye buds and flowers,
O'er meadow and o'er hill;
Come, happy days and hours,
Our waiting hearts to fill.

Shine out, O skies so tender,
Shine out, O skies so blue;
Let earth reflect the splendor
Of Easter glad and true.

All-hail the welcome morning
Of the glorious Easter-day!
All-hail the joyous Spring-time,
Earth's Lenten passed away.

AN EASTER-EGG.

"As I was telling you, Sally, it was all rose-colored damask, rich, heavy, thick, as if some one had picked hundreds of roses and woven them into drapery; and the chairs were ebony, carved, and they stood up as dignified as grand ladies receiving guests; and the ceilings were white and gold. Hark! hear the rain, child. Do you think the roof leaks? Just put your hand on the bed and find if there's any dampness. Dear! dear! how stiff I am to-night!"

It was a pouring rain, and it beat a constant tattoo on the roof of this attic room, where sat an old feeble person propped in an arm-chair; a small table beside her held medicine vials, a few books, and an old-fashioned watch. Twilight made the outlook from the dormer window dreary in the extreme, for only the house-tops and chimneys bathed in vapor were visible, and within there was every evidence of extreme poverty. The old carpet had done more than its duty in keeping together many years, and now had parted company in sundry places. The hair-cloth-covered chairs were out at the elbows as well as the knees. The bureau alone maintained a mahogany respectability, and seemed to be conscious of the polished air its brass knobs conveyed. A small stove, with no room on its top for any generous supply of pots and kettles, gave some warmth, but reluctantly allowed itself to be used for culinary purposes, barely letting a pipkin boil some gruel.

This depressing aspect, however, seemed not to influence the two persons most concerned: either habit made the dreariness bearable, or the power of living in the past rather than in the present, which those possess whom the world has forgotten, helped to banish all thought of their surroundings.

Sally jumped from the stool where she had been sitting, and went over to the corner where stood the bed.

"'Pears like 'tis a little damp, Miss Miry. Shall I pull it out o' this yere corner?"

"Yes, child, yes, if you can. Ah, me! if my poor father had lived to see this day!"

"Why, Miss Miry, did you ever *really* have a father?"

Miss Miry smiled feebly. "Am I so very, very old, Sally, that it does not seem possible?"

"Well, no—yes, Miss Miry. Leastways, he would have been 'bout a hundred years or more, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, indeed, Sally."

"Please go on now, Miss Miry, 'bout those grand times; you'd got as fur as the drawin'-room, all white and gold. Seems to me, people livin' there wouldn't care much for heaven."

"Hush, hush, Sally. Is that your idea of heaven?"

"I b'lieve it is, Miss Miry—when you can have harps to play on besides."

Miss Miry held up her thin white hand, veined with the blue blood which had so little warmth in it. "To think these hands ever played on the harp, or sketched flowers, or worked their graceful forms and pretty colors on satin and velvet, and that this poor cracked voice sang love songs!"

"Did it, Miss Miry? Ah! please sing one song for me; just one—just one."

"Sally, my child, what ails you?"

"Nothing, Miss Miry; but I do like to hear songs so much, and I am sure you can sing beautifully yet."

Was it to gratify the little handmaid, or was there another voice heard pleading in the past, its echoes touching the sad old heart to compliance? I know not; but the old lady gathered herself up as well as her infirmity would permit, and with a certain dignified grace began, in a tremulous treble, "The Last Rose of Summer"; but when she came to the lines,

"No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,"

she stopped abruptly, raised her handkerchief, and was silent. Sally twisted her apron into a knot, and gave the poker and tongs a push which sent them over, making a great racket. Miss Miry took down her handkerchief, and smiled.

"I will try again, Sally, and see if I can do better by Robert Herrick than I did by Tom Moore."

"Were they Miss Miry's lovers?" asked Sally of herself.

Again the old lady began in that high sharp treble:

"'Gather ye rose-buds as ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.'"

"Dear! dear! that was too much for me, Sally. How my old heart beats! Quick, child! drop some ammonia in the glass and give it to me."

Sally obeyed promptly, alarmed at the paleness of her mistress.

"I'm so sorry, Miss Miry—so awful sorry that I asked you to sing! But it was pretty—'most as pretty as Miss Juke's canary."

Miss Miry laughed and drank her potion. "To-morrow will be Easter, Sally. Would you believe that I used to sing Easter anthems in the church?"

"I'd b'lieve anything you tole me, Miss Miry," said the child, emphatically.

"Ah, it was a pleasant season at our old home. We used to make nests and hide eggs, and pretend that rabbits had laid them. It seems as if I were a child again, and could hear the shouts of glee and the merry pranks of my sisters and brothers. Many a joyful surprise and delicate gift came at Easter. We used to break a tiny hole in an egg, suck or draw out the contents, and when the shell was dry, fill it with sugar-plums."

"That was nice, Miss Miry."

"Then we would tie ribbons about it, and hang it up where it would be seen the first thing in the morning, just like the Christmas stocking."

Sally's eyes grew big. She fumbled in her pocket, and chinked a penny or two together. An idea was growing.

"It's 'most time for supper, Miss Miry."

"Yes, child, yes. I am not hungry, but you must be; get it ready."

Sally placed the medicine vials on the shelf over the stove, spread a napkin on the little table, put some very thin and ancient silver spoons beside a bowl, and poured out the hot gruel; this, with a slice of thin brown toast, which Sally was careful not to burn, was Miss Miry's supper. The child took her own portion and sat down behind the stove. Nothing would have induced her to compromise the dignity of her mistress by drawing near to the same table.

Miss Miry folded her hands and said grace, while Sally, with bent head, waited for this ceremony. Once over, hunger compelled her to eat with a voracity which was in astonishing contrast to the languid appetite of her mistress.

Supper finished, Sally washed the dishes and arranged the room, wishing that the mistress was a little less inclined to converse, for not only had she to put her safely to bed, but it was Saturday night, and Sally had to buy the next day's provisions. Miss Miry, however, did not seem to appreciate the need of haste; she reiterated all she had told Sally many times before, and repeated, with embellishments, many stories of past pleasure, past grandeur, past affection. Tears and smiles blended with these recollections, and Sally laughed when Miss Miry laughed, and drew a sober face when the tears came, but all the while she was impatient to be off. She got out her small market-basket, then she produced her hat and shawl; but still Miss Miry chattered on, her eyes brightening, her poor thin hands moving in graceful gestures to the tune of her thoughts, and her whole appearance indicating an unusual degree of excitement. Sally at last ventured to say,

"I'm afraid, Miss Miry, you'll be tired to-morrow."

"To-morrow—to-morrow, child, never comes."

Sally did not understand this at all. "Yes, Miss Miry, to-morrow will come, and it is Easter-day, and I must go to market, you know."

"What to get, Sally—nightingale's tongues? or a good fat capon?"

"A bit of mutton for broth, Miss Miry," answered the puzzled child. "The doctor says you must have broth."

"No need, no need. Well, get me into bed, and you may go."

Sally went quickly about the task; but it was no light one. The poor feeble body was very infirm, and the young one barely equal to the duties imposed by necessity. At last, however, it was accomplished—not with the comfort and ease experienced by those who can command strength and ability.

Sally turned down the lamp, and with basket on her arm went out into the street. It was wet and dark and gloomy, but the child's heart was light; the doctor had given her money enough for the mutton, and she had some pennies of her own, which she was going to spend. The Easter pleasures her mistress described had made an impression, and Sally thought she would like to remind Miss Miry of those happy days in a manner familiar to her. She bought her bit of meat, and at the next stall some immense goose eggs caught her eye. With her own money she purchased one of these; then she sought a confectioner's, and invested a few more pennies in candies. Still farther on, at a thread and needle shop, she found a scarlet ribbon.

With eagerness she hastened home, threw off her shawl to dry by the stove, stepped on tiptoe for fear of arousing Miss Miry's light slumbers, and then sat down by the glimmer of light to the work of emptying her goose egg.

The rain kept on with its ceaseless patter, the old watch ticked, the fire waned, but Sally worked away. Her fingers were clumsy, and she had to be very careful not to break the shell too much, and it was a great temptation not to eat the sugar-plums, but she finally conquered both the egg-shell and her own proclivity for sweets, and with admiring gaze held up the little casket suspended by its ribbon. Then she carefully hung it on a chair by the bedside, and placed it where Miss Miry would not fail to see it in the morning.

The rain was over, and the morning dawned brilliantly, with a scent of freshness and spring verdure in the air. The light poured into the attic room, and aroused the feeble lady from the fitful slumber peculiar to an invalid. She seemed to be looking far away, but as Sally stirred on the cot beside her, her glance fell upon the Easter-egg.

"Ellen, Ellen," she called out, playfully, for her thoughts were also far away, "is it you, sister Ellen, who brought this pretty bauble? Ah, give it me. How pretty! how pretty!" She reached out and grasped the egg, as Sally rose and watched her. "How kind! how sweet! Ah, it is Easter-day!" She took the egg with the delight of a child, and sank back on her pillow. Then realizing that Sally must have been the donor, she turned to the child with an eager "God bless you, Sally!" and said no more, but a sweet smile was upon her face.

The child dressed, and arranged her mistress's breakfast. It was no unusual thing for Miss Miry to sleep again, and she was so happy in the pleasure of having greeted the aged eyes with an Easter surprise that she was more than usually absorbed in her duties.

The doctor came early that morning. He went up to Miss Miry with his customary greeting, then suddenly turned to Sally.

"When did this happen, child?"

"What, sir?"

"This! this! Do you not see?"

"I see Miss Miry is asleep, sir. She was awake for a few minutes."

"Child, she will never waken here again. Hers is a veritable Easter."

Sally looked in his face as if she could not think it true; then, with a cry, threw herself beside her mistress. The doctor lifted her up gently, and as he did so, the Easter-egg rolled down against his hand.

"Please let her have it, sir," said the sobbing child; "it is hers. I gave it to her, and she blessed me."

"God too will bless you, Sally. Come, child, come home with me," said the kind man, replacing the egg where she wished it to be.

And there it staid.

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THE WOMAN WHO SAVED HIM.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Grandmother's Money," "Coward Conscience," "Poor Humanity," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

GRATITUDE.

Our space does not allow us to dwell much upon the further struggles toward the light of William Desmond. He was no hero—although Marjorie Kelly may be one of the real heroines to be met with in Christian England yet. This was a poor soul to be saved, and this was the woman who saved him. In an office near London Bridge did the boy face those who were anxious about his future, and earnest in their efforts to make it a worthy and God-fearing one, and there his way in life, abroad, and under the care of worthy men, was indicated for him. For a little while he winced again; then he met the steadfast gaze of the young woman at his side, and answered, stoutly,

"Yes, I'll go."

This might be the end of the story, with a few more sentences, so far as it proves the words of a great poet, that "manifold and various are the ways of restoration"; but there is a strange chapter in this history to be written, and it ends all like a story-book. Like a pleasant story-book, let us hope, and with some sunshine on its pages, for all the misty border-land wherein our readers have kept us company.

Twelve years after William Desmond had set sail for Australia there stepped once more upon English ground he who has been the prominent character in this little life drama. He was a tall and stalwart man who stood one morning at the entrance of one of our principal hotels—a man deeply bronzed by the sun, and the picture of health and strength and energy.

As he lingered there deliberating as to his next movement, people glanced at him curiously, as at a being out of the common, and a something worth a second glance amidst a crowd of London pale faces. It seemed scarcely possible that the London Arab whom we have seen in Gregson's Rents should have grown to this broad-chested, handsome fellow of some six feet one; but life in "the free and open" had made a man of him, and with God's help an honest man. His was a face that had a singularly outspoken look upon it now—one could almost read his character by it, and only marvel a little, perhaps, at the reason for a tinge of sadness which would cross it for a while, and quench the light there with its deep seriousness. This was to be remarked even as he lingered on the hotel steps; a child in rags, a boy hurrying along as if for shelter, gave him that look at once, and there would be a sudden dimness in the dark eyes of the traveller.

Presently he hailed a hansom cab, and gave directions to be driven to Islington; and when he had carefully studied some references in a note-book which he had been reading the whole of his journey, he stopped the cab at the corner of a very dingy little street, got out, paid his fare, and went slowly along, looking at the numbers of the houses on either side of the way.

"I wonder how anybody can breathe in places like this!" he muttered, thinking of his own free lands, and totally unmindful of Gregson's Rents; "and I wonder more why she has chosen such a place to live in!"

He arrived at the house of which he was in search, and regarded it with some little astonishment; even walked past it to collect his thoughts, and to keep down a strange beating of his heart—an unaccountable nervousness which he was unable to define. This coming back was strange; it would be more strange to her who was in complete ignorance that he had set forth from Australia to see her again, to thank her from the depths of his grateful heart for that service which she had rendered him, and which with every day of his life he had marvelled at more. He had resolved years ago that he would do this, that it was his duty when he was able to perform it; and now had come the fulfillment of that promise, and he felt like a little child devoid of self-command. He could almost fancy himself the boy again, anxious to be left alone, to escape from any one who talked of repentance, or even looked repentance at him, who was horror-stricken at any goodness of life, and was at war against it.

He returned, and knocked at the door in a timid, nervous fashion, and a stout woman responded to his summons, and stared at him vaguely.

"I have made a mistake, I fear," he said; "I wanted to see a Miss Kelly."

"She's up stairs, poor dear," answered the woman. "Shall I tell her that a gentleman has come to see her, sir?"

"Yes, presently. Wait a bit; don't be in a hurry," said William Desmond, evidently perplexed as to his future movements.

"What name shall I say?"

"That doesn't matter," he said; "she won't know it—won't remember it; and it will flurry her to hear it, if she did."

The woman at the door regarded our hero somewhat doubtfully; his manner was confused, and he was inclined to stammer. Had he not been so well dressed, she should have thought he had designs upon stray umbrellas, or anything that might be handy in the passage or the parlor. Nevertheless, a man of that kind would have been blander of demeanor and more coherent; this bronzed image only glared at her, and talked nonsense.

"Are you the landlady of this shanty?" he asked, suddenly.

"I am the landlady; and I don't understand what you mean by a shanty," she answered, with some dignity.

"You said 'poor dear' just now," he said, hurriedly, "and just as if Miss Kelly was ill. That's not true, I hope?"

"I'm not in the habit of telling falsehoods, young man," said the landlady, more austerely; "and when I said 'poor dear,' I meant 'poor dear.'"

"Come in here, will you, and tell me what you *do* mean?" said our hero, striding into the parlor without any invitation. "I'm Miss Kelly's friend. I've come from Australia to see her, and I did not expect to find her like this, or in such a place as this. I have been dreaming for these twelve years, perhaps. At all events," he said, sitting down heavily in the best arm-chair, which cracked ominously beneath his unceremonious plunge into it, "tell me how she got here, and"—he added, as the landlady gazed at him with alarm—"excuse me if I'm a bit rough. It's my way; but I won't do it any more. Now why do you say 'poor dear'? Good gracious, madam, you have got your mouth open wide enough—won't anything come out of it?"

"You do flurry a poor body tremenjious like, sir," answered the landlady at last, "and I'm not used to it. From the Bush, did you say? Well, there are some rough ones there, I've heard. And so you are one of them. Dear me! Well, as I was saying, sir, Miss Kelly has been very ill."

"You have never said a word about it before," said William Desmond, sternly. "But go on; *do* go on, old lady."

"She has been very ill all the winter," she replied; "being a delicate, fragile little body enough; never really got over a bad fever she caught years ago, I have heard, for that matter; but she's better now. Not what I call at all strong, but coming round, for *her*. If she could only have a little sea air, if the want of means didn't stand so dreadful in her way, and she hadn't such hard work to do! If her brother was to come back rich and respectable, now, what a comfort it would be!" and the garrulous dame looked very shrewdly at her visitor, and thought she had guessed the story very cleverly. "He went away to Australia a bush-whacking, or something or other."

"I'm not her brother," he said, moodily; "her brother is dead; I was with him in his last hours. But I sha'n't tell her that to-day; she's down enough, poor lady, without that."

"Down enough! Ah, you don't know Miss Kelly," cried the landlady; "she's always cheerful and kind, and like a little lioness. There, I can hear her laughing with them now."

"Laughing with whom?"

"Why, the children, to be sure."

"Children!"

"Seventeen of them; all day pupils, whose mothers don't half pay for the teaching Miss Kelly gives them. All very fond of her, but worriting the life out of her by degrees."

William Desmond was still further confused by this recital; he sat bewildered by it—stunned.

"But—but," he stammered, "I thought Miss Kelly was a rich lady; that a Mrs. Mowbray died and left her a lot of money."

"I never heard tell of a Mrs. Mowbray," said the landlady, "or of Miss Kelly's being rich, unless it is in godliness; for a better woman I never knew. I was a nice gin-tippling wretch before I knew her, sir, and hadn't been to a place of worship for years. But she is—"

"Yes, yes—tell me when I come down stairs again," said he, impatiently. "I shall be too glad to hear anything about her, although I know what good she has done better than you. But 'poor' and 'ill,' I don't understand that yet."

He rose and walked across the room, into the narrow passage beyond. He had ascended two or three stairs when the landlady called to him, and stopped his progress.

"You don't seem to know much about manners, young man, I must say," she cried, "to go a-walking about my house as if the whole place belonged to you. Hadn't I better tell Miss Kelly

you are here? You mustn't go scaring in upon her like a house-breaker."

William Desmond, somewhat crest-fallen, came down stairs again.

"You are quite right, old lady; these are Bush manners, not society ones," he said. "Tell Miss Kelly that a gentleman wants to see her on particular business, please."

"What name?"

"The name does not matter, I have told you."

"Oh, very well."

William Desmond sat down again, and waited as patiently as circumstances would permit. He was very nervous and very much perplexed; it had all turned out so differently from what he had anticipated. This old world to which he had come back was full of gloom and mystery. She was approaching at last; he could hear a light, brisk footstep on the stairs—the step, as it were, of a young girl—and there were unearthly rumblings and shufflings overhead, already significant of the school-mistress having temporarily vacated her post, and left the pupils to themselves.

The quick turn of the handle startled him, and made his heart beat; he was strangely nervous. As the door opened, he rose and stood like a giant on the hearth-rug. He colored, and bowed his head very gravely, even reverentially, to her, as she entered. And it *was* she. She had altered so very little in the twelve years that he could scarcely believe in the time which had passed, till he remembered what he was himself when he had said good-by to her. The face was not lined or old, and the figure was still slight and young. She was pale, but she had been always pale within his recollection, and the eyes were as bright and piercing as in the old days when she had sought him out and rescued him. He was surprised at this, for he had expected a great change in her. In his boy's estimation of age, and when he had parted from her, he had set her down for many years his senior; whereas she was only one-and-twenty when he had gone abroad a waif twelve years ago. Now she stood there, a graceful lady of some two or three and thirty, and without a gray hair in her head yet—a real lady, a born lady, and with the same bright smile upon her face. He could have taken his oath to that smile anywhere; he had seen no one out of a picture with anything like unto it. The tears came into his eyes to see it again; and the dark past from which he had emerged rose into the foreground a fair memory to him now, and not a grim reproach.

"My landlady tells me you wish to see me on business of importance, sir," she said, returning his bow; "may I inquire its nature?"

"You don't remember me, Miss Kelly?"

She shook her head, after a careful scrutiny of his features.

"No, I do not," she answered.

"I must have changed very much—I'm sure I have grown," he added; "but I should have known you anywhere."

"Indeed!"

He placed a chair for her, saying, with a strange gentleness:

"Will you not sit down? The landlady tells me you are not strong."

"She is a good friend, who exaggerates my slight ailments, I am afraid. But still," she added, glancing at her interlocutor again, "I am not particularly strong. And now, sir, to business. My little pupils soon get unruly in my absence."

"I should say they have *got* unruly," said he, dryly, as the shuffling of the feet overhead became very "pronounced" indeed; "but I hope you won't mind that for a few minutes. And you don't know me—I don't strike you as like anybody?"

She shook her head.

"No."

"I wish you *had* recognized me," he said, a little regretfully; "but then it is twelve years ago, and I was only one in a crowd: you were doing good every day, and I had never known what good was till you came before me like a saint. You—

"Twelve years ago," she said, approaching him more closely, and looking more steadfastly into his face—"twelve years since I have seen or heard from you? So long as that?"

"Oh! not since you have heard—I did not say that. I hope I was not ungrateful. I told you year by year of my life and progress, and you wrote me back cheering, heart-sustaining words, until the letters ceased, and I thought you did not care to write to me any more. I only thought that whilst—"

"You are Bill!" she said, suddenly, "Jemmy's brother, of Gregson's Rents! I know you now," she said, holding out her hands to him. He took them in his own and shook them warmly.

"Yes, I'm Bill," he said.

"And yes, you have grown," she said, quaintly. "How was it possible I should ever recognize you?"

"Well, it wasn't very likely," answered Bill, with a sigh; "but I used to think and pray you would when I came back to thank you. And I had always made up my mind to do that—at any cost, under any difficulty, and at the first chance I had. So now, Miss Kelly, I am here to say it now"—he held her hands still in his, and he bowed over them again with a touching and true humility—"and I thank you from my soul, and may God reward you, lady!"

She turned her head to hide the tears which rose in spite of her—tears that had welled to her eyes by his deep earnestness—tears of gratification at this man's gratitude—tears of joy, too, to think that this better life was partly her work.

"God has rewarded me already—if I have helped to save you," she murmured; "but still not my power, only His."

"Your letters ceased to me, because mine never reached you," he said, after a pause. "You had gone away after Mrs. Mowbray's decease, and the trace of you for a while was lost completely. For I have been in search of you, and have employed others to search. And now," he added, "having found you here—how is it?"

"How is it?" she repeated.

"That you are poor—living in this street—keeping a school of noisy children?" he cried, as a kind of war-dance was being executed in the room above now—"extraordinarily noisy children."

"My old benefactress, Mrs. Mowbray, died without a will; the heir at law took possession, and I had to go. That is all the story," she said, smiling. "I have not been unhappy in my lower estate. I have been poor before this, and had my living to earn. I began again, not wholly cast down, I hope, and I have succeeded very fairly."

"I don't see that."

"And I am happy. What more do I want?" she asked.

"Rest, I should say," he answered, bluntly. "Fresh air—a different kind of life. Can't you give those kids the sack?" he cried, returning to his old slangy phraseology suddenly in the excitement of the moment, as the war-dance increased in vigor, and every article vibrated in the room in which they were.

"It is nearly twelve o'clock. I will dismiss them till the afternoon," she said, laughing; "then you can tell me a little of your Australian life."

When she had dismissed her school, and returned, she heard the story of his progress, step by step, from youth to manhood, from a farmer's lad to a well-to-do Australian farmer—a bright story of what perseverance and principle can achieve together hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, marching forward in God's sunlight with courage and faith.

"And now, Miss Kelly," he said, suddenly, "all this is your work, and you can cast me down again if you are proud and stubborn. I must help *you*; it is my turn. I shall be miserable for life if I know you are as poor as this. I have made many thousands of pounds; so for mercy's sake take some of them off my hands. I can't be rich and leave you poor; upon my word I can't do that."

"Ah! now this is extravagance," she cried; "you have made your own fortune, and must keep it, Mr. Desmond. Surely you know enough of me to believe that I am too proud and self-reliant to take any of it."

"Won't you borrow ten or twenty thousand pounds, and pay me when I see you again? Not a gift, of course; I wasn't thinking of that. If you would only, now, for a year or two, do this?"

She shook her head.

"Think of the good you might do with it. Think of the poor lads who, like myself—"

"Ah! *you* will think of them now."

"I must return to Australia. I sha'n't forget to help them before I go; but I can't do good like you. It's beyond me."

"It is beyond no man's power," she answered.

"Well, may I come again, and talk this over?"

She hesitated for a moment.

"Yes, if you like," she said—"if I can be of any assistance."

"*If!*" he cried. "May I come this afternoon?"

"Oh no; my school."

"All right; the next day."

And before she could say any more, he was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OLD HAUNTS.

William Desmond came the next day, and the day following; he had always excellent reasons for looking in at that little house in Islington. There was the poor to study; there was the brother at last to speak of, and the news to tell her that he had died in William Desmond's house, cared for by William Desmond, and penitent at the eleventh hour for much misdoing and many wasted opportunities.

When there seemed nothing more to discuss, he continued to call with embarrassing persistency: the inhabitants of the little street in Islington grew excited over the constant arrival of hansom cabs and the stereotyped figure of the big bronzed man ensconced therein, always looking very grave and anxious.

Who was he? What was he? Was he courting the governess at No. 174? Was it a sweetheart who had come back from the colonies, or a doctor who had got a little sunburned? Yes, it was the doctor. Miss Kelly did not enjoy good health; she was looking very weak and ill. Last winter it was on the cards that she might die, even; so this must really be the doctor, and it accounted for his regular visits and his thoughtful aspect. No rational man would "go courting" with so woful a countenance.

One day—it was a half-holiday at the school—he did not dismiss the cab at the door as usual, but told the man to wait.

"I want you, Miss Marjorie, to join me in a ride to-day," he said.

"In a ride! Oh, I am very busy to-day," she answered, surprised at his request.

"It is a favor to ask, and I know I have no right to ask it; but I wish that you would come with me. You see," he added, "I shall soon be returning to my Australian farm, and am not likely to bother you much longer by my visits."

"Yes, you will soon be going away now," she answered, thoughtfully.

"I know I have been a nuisance coming here so often," he muttered, half apologetically.

"Oh no, or I should have told you of it," she replied, archly.

"But I had nowhere else to go."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Desmond," she answered.

"Ah! I don't mean you to take it in that way," he cried, very quickly, and blushing like a great girl; "but I am terribly alone in London, knowing nobody, and caring for nobody but you, who always seem somehow so true a friend to me. You'll miss a fellow a little, I hope, when he has gone. Heaven knows only," he added, very gloomily, "how I shall miss you!"

"Where do you want to take me this afternoon?" she asked, very quickly now, even with a little alarm.

"To Gregson's Rents."

"Indeed!"

"I am curious to see the old place again," he said, "and I have not the courage to go by myself. Will you accompany me?"

"Yes, willingly."

They went away together in the hansom cab, and the neighborhood took counsel on the door-steps and curb-stones over this proceeding, and confessed itself now completely mystified. William Desmond and Marjorie were both laughing, too, as they came out of the house: a pleasant remark of the governess's had chased away the general air of dullness for an instant from the face of her companion. They looked quite a happy couple as they drove off together; it seemed as if some secret source of joy were at the bottom of their hearts, and each was scarcely cognizant of it yet.

Certainly William Desmond felt unaccountably joyous for a while; he was very proud of his charge, of Marjorie's willingness to accompany him, of sitting by her side, her friend, companion, some one in whom she had learned to place confidence. What a blissful time it was for him! How soon it would all be ended now forever!

The light died out by degrees, and presently he was so silent and abstracted that Marjorie glanced askance at him.

"I wonder what you are thinking about?" she said at last.

"Well—of you," he answered, straightforwardly.

"That is an odd subject for such grave contemplation."

"Oh! I am of a different opinion."

"Have I said anything to offend you?"

"Offend me! No, that is not likely."

"Then what is the matter?"

"I have heard some news to-day."

"About me?"

"Yes."

"From whom?"

"From Mrs. Saunders, your landlady," he replied. "Whilst you were putting your bonnet on, she came in and had a long chat with me, and I wormed out of her lots of secrets."

"I haven't any of my own," she said, smiling; "they must be hers."

"You never told me how ill you had been last winter," he continued.

"No worse than the winter before. I never thought to tell you; it was no secret," she answered.

"And that the doctors have said that a long sea-voyage—better still, a residence abroad—would restore you to full health again," he added—"be the saving of your life."

"Ah, yes, I remember something of the kind," she said; "but it is so easy to advise, and there seemed so many reasons why I should remain in England."

"You would not care to live away from it."

"Here's Toddlesome Street," she said, irrelevantly. "Let us dismiss the cab here; it will be better than going to the Rents direct."

"Yes, exactly."

They got out and walked down the narrow street, presently turning into Gregson's Rents, which, dark and loathsome as it was still, seemed to have a strange interest for both of them. They were quickly the objects of considerable attention, and here William Desmond took innumerable notes for future reference, made many inquiries, offered and gave help to the truly miserable and unfortunate, still herding together here as in the dark old days.

"I feel, standing amongst them, almost like Mrs. Mowbray's almoner again," she said.

The denizens of the Rents had drifted away, the poor had been relieved, the curious had grown tired of staring at them, the vicious had not thought it likely to be a profitable speculation to try and get the purse or watch of the big man towering above them. William and Marjorie were alone in the Rents, standing in front of number seven, "the cellar floor" of which was empty now.

"Ah! if you would only be my almoner instead!" he said in reply to her, and with so extraordinary a suddenness that she turned very white and very red, and very white again; "if you would try and gladden one life to the end; if you could just think of this a bit!"

"But—"

"If you had the courage to believe in me, and to trust me," he went on, hurriedly—"ay, and to say so, as you did once when I came out of my cold prison home."

"I trust you, but—"

"If we could go away together to my Australian farm, if I could take you from here, and brighten your life somehow in return, feeling that I had been some good in my day, and hoping that in time you'd think I was not wholly undeserving of you! For I love *you*, Marjorie, so dreadfully! and you have been, all my life, everything to me."

"Why, I am six years older than you, you big silly," she cried.

"If you were sixty, it wouldn't make any difference," he replied. "See the good we might work here before we go. See the life brightening for us two beyond this, and you learning to love me just a little—you, the woman who saved me!"

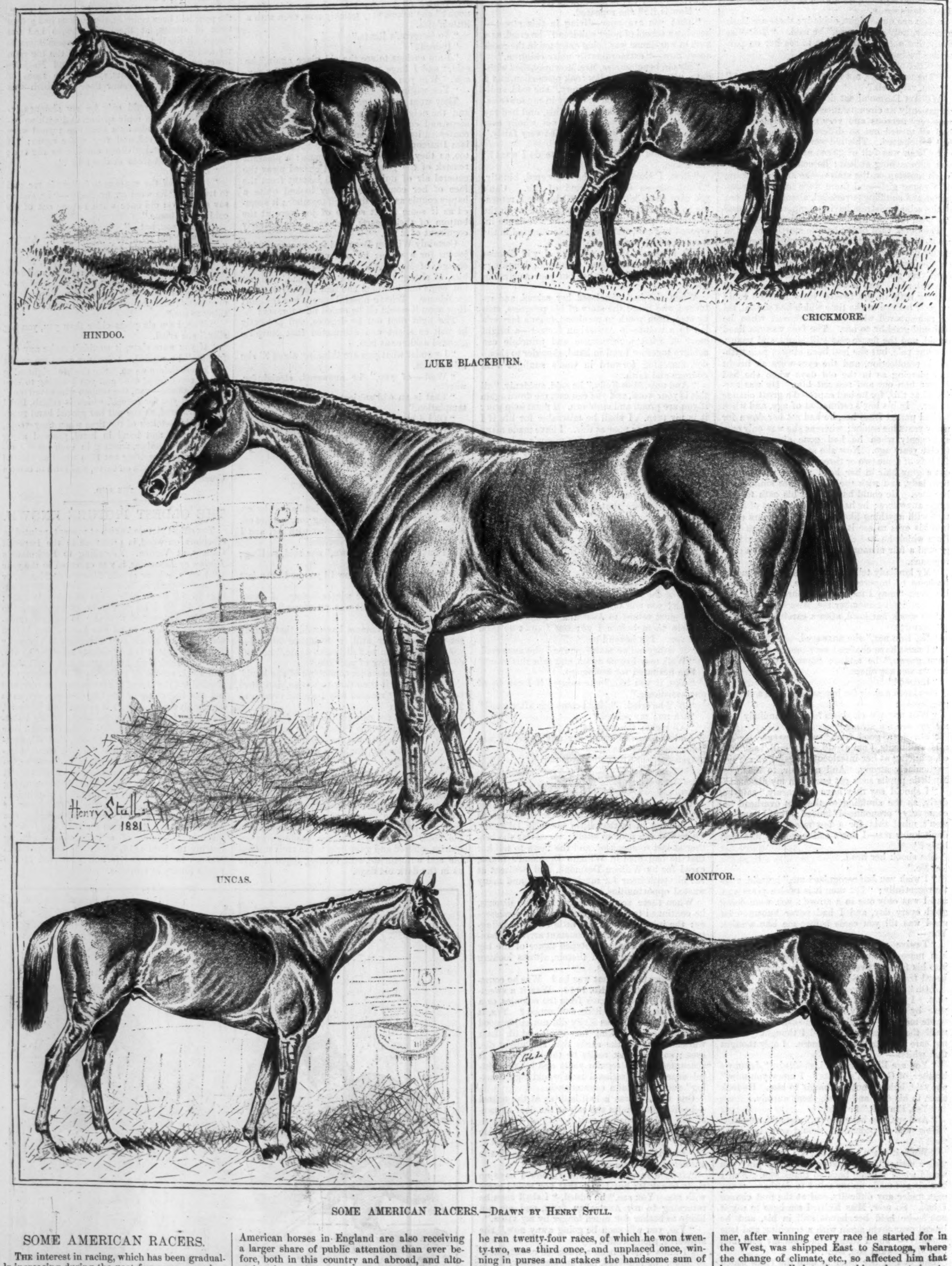
"Saved you for herself, which is selfish, Bill," she murmured, as she put her gloved hand trustingly in his—token of the time when they would, side by side and hand in hand, proceed along life's path together, trusting in each other's affection, and forgetting not Him who had blessed them with happiness on earth, and faith in earth's Creator.

THE END.

THE OLDEST PICTURE KNOWN.

The oldest picture known at present, painted in oil-colors on wood, is preserved in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna. According to Beckmann's *History of Inventions*, it was executed in the year 1297, by a painter named Thomas de Mutuia, or de Muttersdorf, in Bohemia. Two other paintings in the same gallery are of the year 1357; one is by Nicholas Wursnser, of Strasburg, the other by Thierry, of Prague. It appears, therefore, that painting in oil was known long before the epoch at which that invention is generally fixed, and that it is erroneously ascribed to Hubert van Eyck and his brother and pupil John van Eyck, otherwise called John of Bruges, who lived about the end of the fourteenth century, and not the beginning of the fifteenth century, as is commonly supposed. It is pointed out, however, that there is evidence in the books of the Painters' Company, under the date of the eleventh year of the reign of Edward I. (1283), that oil-painting was in use at that time. *Vide* a communication from Sir Francis Palgrave in Carter's *Ancient Sculpture and Paintings in England.* It may be added that the art of wood-engraving seems to be older than the invention of printing, to which, perhaps, it gave rise. The names of the first engravers on wood are, however, not known. In the *Athenæum* for 1845, page 965, is given a fac-simile of a large wood-engraving bearing the date 1418, which was discovered at Malines in 1844, and is now preserved in the public library at Brussels.

WHY NOT HYPNOTIZE THE STREET COMMISSIONERS, AND MAKE THEM CLEAN THE STREETS?



SOME AMERICAN RACERS.—Drawn by Henry Stull.

SOME AMERICAN RACERS.

The interest in racing, which has been gradually increasing during the past few years, promises to be largely augmented during the coming season. Not only are the entries to the numerous stakes and handicaps largely in excess of any previous year, but the number of horses in training exceeds that of any previous year by over twenty-five per cent.

The opening of the season proper in the East takes place at Baltimore, 24th May, and will be followed in close order by Jerome Park, Long Branch, Sheepshead Bay, and Saratoga. The American horses in England are also receiving a larger share of public attention than ever before, both in this country and abroad, and altogether the coming season will undoubtedly be one of great and exciting contests in this "sport of kings."

We give herewith a group of portraits of some of the most celebrated race-horses of the year. The place of honor among the horses is occupied by the great Luke Blackburn, whose performances during the past season have made his name famous throughout the country. Good judges unhesitatingly pronounce him the best race-horse ever seen in America. During the past season he ran twenty-four races, of which he won twenty-two, was third once, and unplaced once, winning in purses and stakes the handsome sum of $44,750.

Monitor, the son of imp. Glenelg and Minx, is a handsome, showy chestnut, and has been very successful during his turf career, winning over $10,000 during the season, his most prominent rival being Uncas, "the last of the Lexingtons." Uncas and Monitor are very evenly matched, a very few pounds' weight either way deciding the result.

Among the two-year-olds probably the most celebrated are Hindoo and Crickmore. The former, after winning every race he started for in the West, was shipped East to Saratoga, where the change of climate, etc., so affected him that he was compelled to lower his colors twice to Crickmore and Thora. He was then retired, and after a good rest promises to be among the foremost during his career this year as a three-year-old. Crickmore was a decided sensation at Saratoga, but going amiss shortly after, he was also retired until the fall meeting at Baltimore, when he showed his return to form by winning the only race he started in, very easily, in fast time. Both horses are elegant in form, and give promise of great achievements on the course.

BURNING OF THE OPERA-HOUSE AT NICE.

THE TRAGEDY AT NICE.

The details of the burning of the Opera-House in Nice are familiar to our readers, who will be interested in the picture of the building, the sketch of which was taken during the conflagration. The loss of life attending this calamity has called general attention to the condition of theatres in other cities. In regard to those of London, the *World*, of that city, says: "In one or two theatres—the Haymarket, St. James's, and Prince of Wales's, for instance—very praiseworthy efforts have been made to provide numerous exits, to be thrown open in case of great need. But there are many which stick to the old-fashioned plan of one way out. And in all it is always difficult to leave the stalls. The old central alley which divided the long line, and afforded greater freedom of movement, has disappeared. Under ordinary circumstances, leaving the theatre is a slow affair."

There are, doubtless, many theatres in the United States in which an alarm of fire would be attended with disastrous results, unless, as recently in the Union Square Theatre, in this city, the ushers should have sufficient discipline and presence of mind to enable them to prevent a panic in the audience.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

Justice. "As the laws now stand, Mr. Jonathan, we can punish a Gentile bigamist, but in the case of a Mormon polygamist they appear to be inoperative. Is this right?"
Mormon. "I am not a criminal. Polygamy is a part of my Church creed. No interference of State with Church, you know. I—"
Jonathan. "Stop, sir! Your plea is but a sham, to cover a heinous crime that should be tolerated no longer. If the laws are inadequate, they must be seen to. Nearly twenty years ago I wiped out slavery; now it is about time to attend to you."

CARLYLE'S LAST DAYS.

The last time I saw him (says Mrs. Oliphant, in *Macmillan's Magazine*) leaves a pleasant picture on my memory. In the height of summer I had gone a little too late one afternoon, and found him in the carriage just setting out for his usual drive, weary and irritated by the fatigue of the movement down stairs, encumbered with wraps though the sun was blazing; and it was then he had said, "It is death I want—all I want is to die." Though there was nothing really inappropriate in this utterance, after more than eighty years of labor and sorrow, it is one which can never be heard by mortal ears without a pang and sense of misery. Human nature resents it as a slight to the life which it prizes above all things. I could not bear that this should be my last sight of Carlyle, and went back sooner than usual, in hopes of carrying away a happier impression.

I found him alone, seated in that room which to him, as to me, was still her room, and full of suggestions of her—a place in which he was still a superfluous figure, never entirely domiciled and at home. Few people are entirely unacquainted with that characteristic figure, so worn and feeble, yet never losing its marked identity; his shaggy hair falling rather wildly about his forehead, his vigorous grizzly beard, his keen eyes gleaming from below that overhanging ridge of forehead, from under the shaggy caverns of his eyebrows; his deep-toned complexion, almost of an orange-red, like that of an out-door laborer, a man exposed to wind and storm, and much "knitting of his brows under the glaring sun"; his gaunt, tall, tottering figure always wrapped in a long, dark gray coat or dressing-gown, the cloth of which, carefully and with difficulty sought out for him, had cost doubly dear both in money and trouble, in that he insisted upon its being entirely genuine cloth, without a suspicion of *shoddy;* his large, bony, tremulous hands, long useless for any exertion, scarcely, with a great effort, capable of carrying a cup to his lips. There he sat, as he had sat for all these years, since *her* departure left him stranded, a helpless man amid the wrecks of life. Ever courteous, full of old-fashioned politeness, he would totter to his feet to greet his visitor, even in that last languor. This time he was not uncheerful. It was inevitable that he should repeat that prevailing sentiment always in his mind about the death for which he was waiting; but he soon turned to a very different subject. In this old house, never before brightened by the sight of children, a baby had been born, a new Thomas Carlyle, the child of his niece and nephew, as near to him as it was possible for any living thing in the third generation to be. He spoke of it with tender amusement and wonder. It was "a bonnie little manikin," a perfectly good and well-conditioned child, taking life sweetly, and making no more than the inevitable commotion in the tranquil house. There had been fears as to how he would take this innocent intruder, whether its advent might disturb or annoy him. On the contrary, it gave him a half-amused and genial pleasure, tinged with his prevailing sentiment, yet full of natural satisfaction in the continuance of his name and race. This little life coming unconscious across the still scene in which he attended the slow arrival of death, awoke in its most intimate and touching form the self-reference and comparison which was habitual to him. It was curious, he said—very curious—thus to contrast the new-comer with "the parting guest." It was a new view to him, bringing together the exit and the entrance with a force both humorous and solemn. The "bonnie little manikin," one would imagine, pushed him softly, tenderly, with baby hands not much less serviceable than his own, toward the verge. The old man looked on with a half-incredulous and wondering mixture of pain and pleasure, bursting into one of those convulsions of broken laughter, sudden and strange, which were part of his habitual utterance. Thus I left him, scarcely restrained by his weakness from his old habit of accompanying me to the door. For he was courtly in those little traditions of politeness, and had often conducted me down stairs upon his arm, when I was fain to support him instead of accepting his tremulous guidance. And that was my last sight of Thomas Carlyle.

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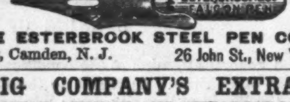

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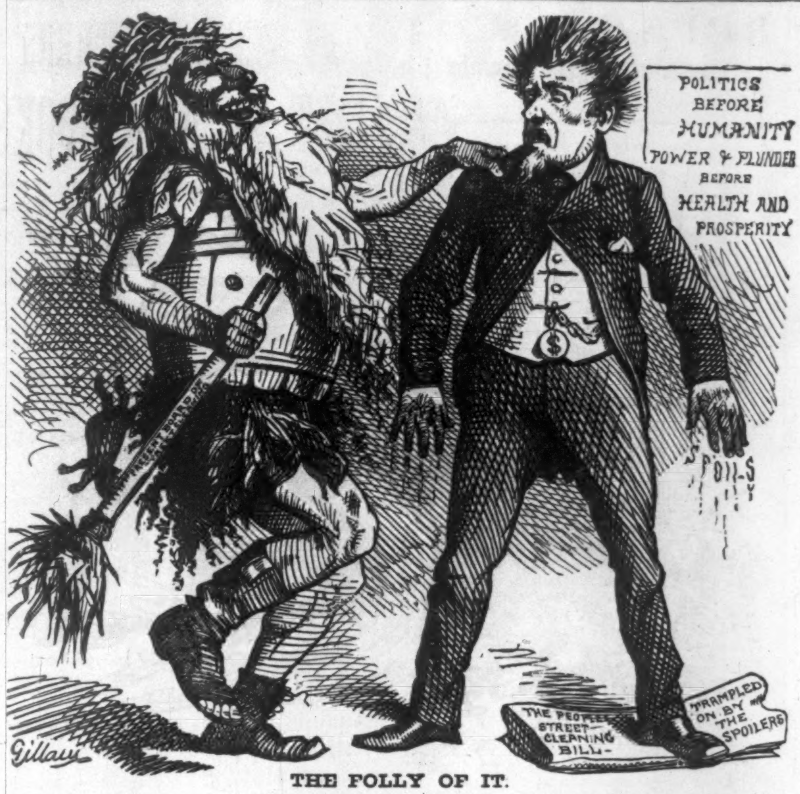

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